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KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY;

OR,

Going up the Hill.

Two brown heads, with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its banks—
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller, most a head—
She, with arms like wreaths of snow
Swung a basket to and fro
(As they loitered, half in play,)
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Prettie Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek;
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
Then said, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only grown boys tall;
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood *again* beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No; but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Working, with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and, lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone:
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has rockers at the side.



MLLE. RITA SANGALLI. PREMIER DANSEUSE, OF THE "BLACK CROOK" BALLET TROUPE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE SIN PHANTOM;

OR,

THE KEEPER'S DESTINY.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

O'Neil laughed good humoredly.

"I say so, too, Mr. Scofield; I have more than an Irishman's loyal respect for the lady of our land."

"Irish, are you!" thought Scofield. "There ain't many o' them that likes king or queen at heart—if I'd a' known him Irish before, he wouldn't have got so much out of me."

Scofield was a thorough-bred provincial Saxon, with all a Saxon's rough and sturdy faith in the superiority of England over every other country in the world. He detested foreigners, and thought them all Frenchmen; and the illiberal prejudice that in his honest ignorance he had conceived against the Irish was deeply rooted—so deeply rooted that O'Neil fell several degrees in his estimation.

The driver's confidence was soon regained, however. O'Neil let him alone for awhile; he had no inclination to talk or listen—his own thoughts occupied him entirely. They were of the tragedy—of the Charnett's history—the Chevalier de Buradoc—of Simon McDonald, and John Kendrake.

When the coach reached Lockstone, O'Neil went into the telegraph department of the station. He seemed relieved to find that no other person came to call into requisition the services of a juvenile clerk, whose chief occupation for the time was smoothing a shadowy moustache, and sketching fancy figures on the blotting-pad. O'Neil took a pen and wrote the following message—"Charnett—Mic. Ew. al. Chev. de Bur—'s mur - - - L. Sdy. —i. t. tm? To Mr. R. O. N.

"To Mons. Chicto, 7, Rue St. Denis, Paris, France."

"That must go at once," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, wondering whether it was a prescription or some secret correspondence concerning a hideous conspiracy, "it will go from London Bridge."

"No matter where, so that it goes quickly, and correctly. What is the charge?"

The clerk named it. O'Neil gave him exactly double, and stayed to see the electric needle tell its message.

"There will be an answer, in all probability," he said.

"To whom addressed, sir?"

"The initials R. O. N., Charnett—keep it for me, I will call."

"Very well, sir."

And the message went. Mons. Chicto, who received it in the secluded study of his splendid Parisian hotel, translated it thus:

"Charnett, Michael Ewrick, alias Chevalier de Buradoc, has murdered Lord Sydney. Is it time? Robert O'Neil."

"Not time yet, good Robert," Chicto said to himself, "our friend Michael will give us work and profit."

And Chicto, the Fouche of his period, the Minister of Police, powerful, mysterious, whose face was like a mask—expressionless; whose eye was like his mind—fathomless, inscrutable—sent from his study this reply:—

"To R. O'N., Charnett. W. A. W. Gustave Chicto."

That was all Mr. O'Neil wanted; the W. A. W. were his instructions—"Watch and wait." He mused when upon calling at the station he received the answer. "That will be a long game, but I have patience, and the career of our friend Michael, as Chicto calls him, interests me—he is worth watching and waiting for."

So it was evident that Mr. Robert O'Neil, the quiet, handsome gentleman, the slim and delicate of hand, as Michael had said, and with an eye that could charm doubt into confidence, was one of Chicto's bloodhounds, and they were creatures of a terrible leash.

No trail so deeply hidden but they could strike it; no animal of prey—and the worst are human—so strong and swift that they could not bring him down; when Gustave Chicto set Robert O'Neil upon Michael Ewrick's track, Michael Ewrick's destiny was fixed—only death could put the bloodhound off the scent.

"Watch and wait," O'Neil reflected, "but in the meantime work; I must see John Kendrake, I must see Simon McDonald."

And on the evening of the day following that on which the inquest took place, John Kendrake, drawn by a resistless fascination to the place of his foster brother's death, went down to the lodge, taking Ishmael with him.

"It was there he fell," said Kendrake, with bitter sadness, as he stood by the threshold and gazed upon the soil, "there he was stricken down, and there upon the sward the red trail ran—each blade of grass stained with my brother's blood is like a voice asking me to mete out retribution, and I shall do it, for I have the track."

"Shall we follow it together?" asked a quiet tone, "for I too have a clue."

Lifting his eyes to see who had spoken, the keeper saw the grave, genial face of Mr. Robert O'Neil.

CHAPTER X.

THE SIN PHANTOM.

The keeper rose from his kneeling posture and stood erect; the look with which he regarded Mr. O'Neil was one of surprise, mingled with some doubt as to a stranger's motive.

"I am interested in this case, Mr. Kendrake," said O'Neil, quietly, "almost as deeply as you are."

"You?"

"And like you, I have or think I have a clue," continued the young Irishman, without heeding the keeper's interrogation; "we might help each other."

"But what interest of yours can bear comparison with mine?" asked Kendrake, sadly. "You do not know the bond there was between me and him who died here."

"I do; it was one of those friendships so rare in this world of ours—a strong affectionate devotion on your part, reciprocated by kindly sympathy on his—it was a feeling that leveled the iron barrier of caste, and made him come to you as to an equal for succor."

"How do you know this?"

"I was at the inquest."

"True; but you seem as if you are acquainted with more than might have been gathered there."

"Some men look beyond the surface of the things they see—I do, and I saw in you what I wanted—the stern fidelity to your murdered foster brother that will take you with savage tenacity on the track of his destroyer."

"Aye," said John Kendrake, with the old lurid fire in his glance, "to the death!"

"I have not so powerful a motive," said O'Neil, "but I have the same resolve. This mystery, if it be a mystery, of Lord Sydney's fate, is only one in many—some in the past, some yet to come."

The keeper assented with a sombre, thoughtful gesture.

"If it be a mystery," he repeated.

"I see you are with me in that," said O'Neil, with less than his accustomed quietude, "I think our suspicions take the same channel; we both, for instance, think it very strange that Lord Sydney should have died so soon after the advent of Michael Ewrick's friend."

The keeper drew a deep, hard breath, and said, "the Chevalier de Buradoc—why, I could have sworn—"

"What I could swear—that between the Chevalier and his friend Michael there is more than a singular resemblance. Well, suppose we were to state our thought on sound oath, what would the result be?"

"We should be laughed at, mocked. The serpent works in silence, and the trail he leaves is difficult to follow."

Still more difficult when, as in the case of ours, the serpent sheds his skin and assumes different shapes as skilfully as though each were his native aspect. I know the man, he is Lie's most subtle incarnation."

The keeper's doubt as to O'Neil's motive in seeking his confidence had left him unconsciously. They spake now like men who could trust each other.

"Have you seen this man before?" Kendrake inquired.

"The Chevalier? I know him well, better than may be good for him," he added, significantly.

The keeper felt that his new friend was not the man to utter even so slight a threat idly.

"It would be useless," he suggested, "to throw a doubt upon his identity."

"Quite," said O'Neil. He has *entree* into the best Parisian society, he is received at the Tuilleries, recognized at the Jockey Club, and in short bears an irreproachable character as a French gentleman of fashion. Do not mistake him, Mr. Kendrake, he is not the man to leave a vulnerable point open."

"Let him do his best," said the keeper, "and if my suspicions prove correct the subtlest web in which he may enshroud himself shall be no shelter; the hot blood at my heart may urge swift vengeance, but I shall risk no chance of sure retribution by a rash step. I have but to watch and wait."

"With patient, tireless vigilance," responded O'Neil, struck by the words that were so exactly those of the reply sent to him by the terrible Chicto, "and I am with you. There is sufficient occupation for both of us. You, if I mistake not, have a double duty."

"To avenge my foster brother and watch over those he has left behind. The blow that killed him and made the red trail here is not the only one which will be struck in Charnett."

"Right; and take this caution, Kendrake, do not lose sight of them—your charges—for an instant; be a faithful sentinel day and night; keep guard so close that you may hear a strange footstep or a cry. Whatever happens count on my assistance—rely upon me as a friend."

"I can believe you."

"Take my hand, look here into my eye, is there treachery in either?"

"No," said the keeper, assured by the expression as honest, and the grip as close and true as his own. "You come to me a stranger, but I trust you."

"Do, it will be better for us both. Your part of the task is to watch at home, mine is to watch abroad. And mind, the thought henceforth is to be—not regret, but retribution."

"As I have sworn," said the keeper, solemnly.

"I took my oath long ago," O'Neil said, calmly, "and I shall keep it like fate. Here is my card, Mr. Kendrake, the address is a matter of little consequence, but I can always be heard of there. At present, however, I am staying at the Falcon's Nest."

"Thanks. And so I have one friend at least."

"One who is no less staunch that he is not demonstrative. Men who live my way of life forget to be emotional; we see so much that is strange that we lose all sense of wonder."

"Your way of life," said the keeper, "what is it?"

"A simple vocation to the initiated," said O'Neil with a smile. "I study human nature. There are few men who know me, and the few who do would rather not."

"The reply is vague."

"Well, as we work together I will be more explicit. I am a Phantom."

"I did not expect you to trifle with me," said Kendrake, gravely.

"I have a special mission," said O'Neil, speaking gravely too, "and I never trifle. I am one of many, and each of the many has a mission like mine."

"And it is——"

"The discovery of secret crime, we mean. A murderer, let us say, is the embodiment of an evil spirit, he is a danger to his kind—a criminal who would, were it necessary to his purpose, cleave his path through a forest of human life. Well, then, this spirit is haunted by a retributive shadow, a sin phantom; invisible to him, it never leaves him, but silently and surely, like death, hangs on his track, follows him step by step; the hand is uplifted, the shaft ready, and when the hour of his fate comes it strikes."

"You, then," said Kendrake, "are one of these—a retributive shadow, a sin phantom, silent and sure like death, and you haunt——"

"The Chevalier de Buradoc," said Robert O'Neil. "Good night, Mr. Kendrake."

He shook hands with the keeper and went away; careless, calm, and graceful, he certainly did not look a man who had so terrible a purpose.

"It will go hard should he escape us both," John Kendrake muttered, as he looked once more upon the spot where the red deed had been done. "I would rather do the work alone, but the Lady Leonora and her child will want all my care, so such help is welcome."

Mr. O'Neil made his way across Charnett Heath and towards the ruined hut. His intention was to see Simon McDonald. In this he was actuated by some motive other than such interest as may have been awakened by Joseph Scofield's recital; he was not a ceremonious gentleman in all cases, for in the present he did not pause to consider whether his entry into the hut would be welcome to the occupant; he pushed open the door and went in.

The poacher, sitting with his head between his hands, lifted his wild, swarthy face; no change came over it as he saw O'Neil.

"What do you want?" he asked, "and why come in like that? My dwelling is not open to the public."

"That is a very hospitable reception," laughed O'Neil; "an untaught backwoodsman or a marauding Arab would give a better. However, I want to talk with you, and I came in like that to save trouble."

The poacher, always on the alert, shifted his position so as to sit within reach of his gun; O'Neil did not affect to notice the precaution, but took a survey of the hut and its contents. These were different from what he had expected to see; there was no trace of the semi-barbarism in which the poacher was supposed to exist: it was quite apparent that some cause had worked a great alteration in him.

The rough garb he had worn was cast aside, and in its place he had a plain and well made shooting costume, such as a gentleman would adopt; it became him well, the better because the long dishevelled beard had disappeared, and his dark hair tinged with iron gray was carefully arranged.

"McDonald," he said, having finished his scrutiny, "this is an improvement I was not prepared for. I thought to see a savage—a kind of uncouth, solitary Roderick Dhu, and I behold a sportsman."

The poacher started. The word had its significance for him.

"Will the next transition," O'Neil went on, "be a return to the old pursuit—the turf?"

McDonald eyed his visitor keenly, and with a glance that for the moment puzzled him; it expressed no fear—not much surprise.

"Whoever you may be," he said at length, "you evidently know me, and as evidently wish to impress me with a sense that your knowledge is important. Are you a detective?—one of those dull, brutish curs whose delight and profit is to make money of misery and sin, turn the repentance of an erring man back to its bitter source, and drive him on again to evil—are you?"

"What if I am?"

"Then the trouble you have taken in coming here is a waste of time not unattended with danger to yourself."

The young Irishman is aghast at that.

A waste of time," he repeated, "not if I were what you suggest; but I am not one of those you rightly term dull, brutish curs, and it is not my purpose to touch upon the past. Far be it from me to stand in the way of your repentance, only I doubt its sincerity."

"Doubt or believe, as you may," said McDonald, in a tone of sullen defiance. "Do your worst, whatever your worst may be. I am past fear now; I might say that I have almost outlived humanity, for I have seen and suffered more than is the fate of humankind."

"There is a reason for this demeanor," thought O'Neil, "and I must find it. Has this change, too, come with our friend the Chevalier."

He gazed at the poacher, not without a certain sympathy. The man had suffered, and deeply. There were deep care lines on his brow. The whole aspect of his face was world-wrung; if there were a touch of resignation upon it, it was the resignation of despair.

"McDonald," O'Neil said, throwing into his voice an irresistible softness, "I am so thoroughly acquainted with your history, that I cannot but in a manner pity you; and pitying the past as I do, I have no wish to interfere in any way with the future. I shall not molest you unless compelled."

"Why at all? we are strangers. I never injured you."

"A selfish, because an individual argument. We are not strangers, and the fact that you have not injured me is no reason that you never may. You are sufficiently a man of the world to understand that when interests clash, the one which has the weakest defence must come to grief."

"The world and I have parted long ago."

"To me it looks very much as if you are about to renew the acquaintance."

The poacher winced.

"It is an evil thing," he said, "that the man who has once erred is never let alone."

"That crying evasion is unworthy of you," said O'Neil. "There is some game afoot, McDonald, and you are connected with it. We will not deal in subterfuge."

"The whole tenor of your conduct is an enigma to me."

"Don't try to solve that enigma, my friend, but be as frank as I wish and tell the truth. You knew the Charnett family?"

"Too well."

"I would not for an instant implicate you, even by a thought, in the last episode; though startling as it may seem to you, it would be a bad thing were you arrested and accused."

The poacher shuddered. The idea had startled him.

"When the intelligent investigators were seeking the probable assassin, every one, strangely enough, overlooked a man who might, at least, have been an object of suspicion; and how that would be strengthened now, if you were found in possession of things that must have required money, and that is not found in the earth or rained from the sky."

"Surely," said McDonald, whose brow began to sweat, "I am not suspected?"

"As yet, no. But I, touching the barest margin of a strong supposition, should say that you could give a clue to the actual perpetrator."

"On my oath! my sacred oath——"

"Hush! I want no confidence. I say this, that tragedy is but the centre of a plot planned with mighty subtlety, and partly executed with a devilish daring that will show in all which is to come. You are concerned with the rest."

McDonald was dumb in astonishment.

O'Neil left him no time for denial.

"Recently—within the last few days—since the murder, you have seen a stranger."

"A stranger?"

"The Chevalier de Buradoc."

"I never heard the name before."

"Well, then, Michael Ewrick."

The gentleman emissary of Monsieur Chicto saw that he was not mistaken. The other did not attempt to negative the assertion, but sat without replying. He was overwhelmed by the quiet stranger's perfect knowledge of an event which he thought known only to himself and Michael.

"He gave you money," continued O'Neil, "and I want to know for what."

"I cannot answer what I do not comprehend," said McDonald, determined to be on his guard; "you have arrived at such a strange conclusion that I wonder how it entered your mind."

"I arrived at it simply by induction. The earl was dying, and his son Sydney came home. By a coincidence, which, even in this age when marvels seem but ordinary things, was singular, Lord Sydney, with his wife and child, traveled from the Continent in the same train, and from Lockstone to Charnett in the same coach with the Chevalier, who, up to the time of their arrival at the Lodge gate, I believe really had not recognised his fellow passengers. Well, then comes the murder."

"Why associate the Chevalier, whom I do not know, with that?"

"By induction, as I said. See how the links rivet together; the Chevalier is confessedly Michael Ewrick's nearest friend, and his mission was to see the earl; that being impossible, he, in Michael's behalf, will put in a claim to the Charnett Estate."

McDonald now began to see his way more clearly; he guessed whose was the child he had to adopt.

"Did the Chevalier say that?" he asked.

"Distinctly. He said what he did say with quite legal perspicuity. I never saw a foreigner undergo an examination with better grace, however. After Lord Sydney's death, the Chevalier came to you."

"Again I say I do not know the man."

"Michael Ewrick, then—the Chevalier de Buradoc, or the same man under any name; and he gave you money."

"What for?"

"That is just what I want to know, Mr. McDonald—exactly what you must tell me."

"Does it not strike you," said the poacher, more at his ease as he grew familiar with the other's presence, "that, if I am his confederate, you are indiscreet in letting me into your confidence. I can warn him."

"But you will not," said O'Neil, with his white teeth parted in a smile that was a chilling menace; "for, see you, my dear poacher, captain, gentleman and outlaw, I speak to you in good faith, and because I want your help. If I have not that, sorry as I shall be, we are foes."

"And then——"

"Then," said O'Neil, "I, myself, will give into the hands of some dull, brutish, but dangerous cur, a duellist who killed, a man who did a sacrilege, an unholy incendiarism——"

"Ha!" said McDonald, as he caught his gun from the wall, "that cursed secret then is mine no longer. Strange: you have sought this fate. You have hunted out a repentant but a desperate man. I wanted to bury all the bitter past——"

"Do," said Robert O'Neil, caressing his moustache; "but I have no wish to be interred with it. Put the gun down and resume your seat. Your hand shakes—you would miss me; my hand is steady—if my finger tightens on this trigger, the ball will penetrate your brain."

The left hand resting on his knee held a revolver, whose glittering barrel did not deviate a hair's breadth from its line, and his eye was fixed upon the poacher's like a still spark of fire. It subdued him—he threw the gun aside with a groan—once more covered his haggard face.

"Go," he said, "if you have mercy, and let the wretched remnant of my life alone. Seek out what you will, I can say nothing. I am sworn by an oath too terrible to break not to betray our compact."

O'Neil put his revolver away.

"McDonald," he said, placing his hand kindly upon the poacher's shoulder, "I have said before that I pity you—only upon a last emergency shall I touch the veil in which you have chosen to hide; but should that emergency come I must be pitiless, others would be if I were not."

"But my oath?"

"Weigh between that and the hulks—the scaffold."

"Were both before me, and a word would bring respite, I could not say it. I am bound to blind obedience, to act when I am bidden."

"But come, you have a preliminary instruction—tell me it, and on my word, which I never break, you shall be safe—your secret shall go no farther than it has gone already."

"This is the total of my present instructions—I am to be on the alert for a cry."

"What cry?"

"A cuckoo's."

"So much gained," thought O'Neil, "a cuckoo's cry;" and he said, "I shall remember."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BULLET WITH A STEEL CORE.

During the few days that intervened between the inquest and the burial of Earl Charnett and his son, Michael Ewrick was more cautious in his work than he had intended to be. In spite of his savage daring, his ruthless determination to follow out his track of crime to the bitter end, he could not but be sensible that there was much wisdom in Reuben Uxley's advice. The lawyer's keen, cool, intersecting brain perceived the danger that would inevitably arise from a second deed so startling in its nature as the one Michael was resolved upon.

"So far we have done well," Uxley said, when endeavoring to dissuade Ewrick from his purpose, "but there is jeopardy in immediate farther action. Success is a fault with men who know not how to use it."

"Which means—"

"That you are disposed to be reckless; I have seen a thing that troubles me."

Michael made an impatient gesture.

"You have a fancy and create a fear."

"I never knew the feeling," said Uxley, calmly; "my caution is the result of some useful experience; I do not wilfully blind myself to a peril."

"And there is one?"

"I am sure of it; that gentleman, the stranger at the inquest, is a person of whom we should beware. The more I learn concerning him, the more I am convinced that his purpose in Charnett bodes no good to us."

"If I remember rightly, you hardly held that opinion the other evening?"

"Then you do not remember rightly; I marked the man from the very first, and I have watched him since with much misgiving; I tell you, Michael, that we must walk as if we trod strange ground, where each footstep may lead to a snare."

"We have talked of this before," said Michael.

"We may again with benefit to ourselves. We are playing no ordinary game, and we have no ordinary antagonist. I have reflected."

"And so have I, and meditation but confirms my original design, for there is not much longer time for me to do the rest in."

"Then leave it undone," said Uxley, with deliberate gravity, "or leave it to me; you forget that I too have some interest at stake, that my assistance is worth something."

"I value it deeply—am deeply grateful for it."

"Let the proof be that you accept my advice as well. Surely you who have waited for twelve years can have a little patience now the consummation is so near, you are in part revenged—have cleared the way."

"For twelve years," said Michael, in tones that grew intense and hoarse before he had proceeded far, "I quenched the fire raging here, and taught myself how to conquer passion, impulse, will, and every desire most ardent. I waited quietly, looking forward to what has come so tardily. I kept down hope and purpose, banished them even from thought; to dwell upon them for a moment was temptation—madness."

"Be calmer, Michael."

"S'death! preach patience to a sick soul racked in torture, and when the heart and brain are heated counsel quiet? I tell you, Reuben Uxley, that, more than all else, with stronger sense and wilder passions than even my hot thirst for revenge, I have nurtured a feverish delirium."

"A boy's weak love; one year's possession would have sated you; habit and association soon chill passion out."

"Not such as mine for her."

"Strip this passion, love, fever, dream, delirium, or what you will, of its romance, and what a sickening, dull reality remains. Man might be almost infinite without it, but it is the fetter, the clog and mire, that link him with the brutes that herd and things that plod."

"How wisely we can rail when we are grey," sneered Ewrick. "The man who is a *rose* when his hair is raven is a St. Anthony when time has left him bald or set a silver crest upon his head—strip passion of its romance you say, take away its fancy, its idealistic part, why then the reality is dull and sickening truly. Strip manhood of its reason, take its power of thought, rich worlds of imagination, temple of unreal beauty, and what remains then?"

"Not much, certainly," said Uxley, struck by the other's force and correctness.

"Worse than nothing, a drivelling idiot, or a brutish maniac, apish, bestial, repulsive."

"But," Uxley said, "surely man with his strong intellect should be able to subdue his passions."

"Men who have no passion have no intellect. A love like mine is the source of all my energy, the fierce, indomitable will that has made me what I am—her very name does thrill me."

"Yet with this powerful feeling at your soul, you think of taking the one most certain course that will destroy your chance of winning her."

"How?"

"I have already said, you wish to take the child."

"That I may hold her heart strings in my hand, and, that the child may not stand in my way."

"I do not disapprove of the idea, but choose a better hour. Let the lull come that is sure to follow this excitement. Disarm suspicion, and give Charnett time to forget your presence here if possible."

Ill as anything like delay or control accorded with the more impetuous part of Michael's nature, he felt that the counsel was given in good faith, and was worth attention.

"That quiet stranger is on the watch," Uxley continued; "I am sure of it."

"What cause have you to be sure?"

"The clearest evidence. He watches this house; every evening at sunset he passes, as though apparently going for a stroll; and he is very curious about all particulars concerning the family—the Charnetts; he also cultivates the acquaintance of John Kendrake."

"How have you learned this?"

"Simply by inquiry. Mr. Scofield, the host of the house at which our quiet friend is staying, is not remarkable for reticence when you once start him fairly on a subject."

"Do you know his name?"

"Robert O'Neil."

"I have not heard it before," said Michael, thoughtfully; "but a name is nothing. I confess to a faint misgiving concerning him, for he is so singularly like the gentleman who went to eternity *via* the Seine."

"Every day," continued Uxley, "since the—the death of Earl Charnett, and—"

He hesitated.

"Proceed," said Michael, quietly; "every day since then—not many have passed, however."

"Mr. O'Neil has been to the forest keeper's lodge," Uxley went on, chilled slightly by Michael's utter callousness, "which, for some inexplicable reason, is occupied by police—two there are on duty by day and two to relieve guard at night. Strangers are denied admission; only John Kendrake and O'Neil have entered since."

"Well?"

"He has searched the place minutely through and through, looking for relics of the dead evidently."

"He will not find much," smiled Ewrick.

"But there is the beginning of a clue in so little, and our friend has found something."

"What?" asked Michael, quickly.

"Some portions of a metal cartridge case and *a bullet with a steel core.* Mr. O'Neil, who is apparently an experienced traveler, said that Lord Sydney had been shot with a metallic cartridge, one of a sort that is peculiarly in use at a certain shooting gallery in Paris."

Michael Ewrick's dark cheek paled.

"Malediction!" he muttered. "I never thought of that."

"Such trifles are dangerous things to overlook; the constables, however, did not seem to attach any importance to the statement—they let the gentleman have the bullet, in fact. But out of all who may hear of the affair, there may be one or two less obtuse than the rest, and then, should the peculiar bullet from a French shooting gallery be found in connection with a French gentleman—"

"I see, it was an oversight, indeed, and this Mr. O'Neil means more mischief than I thought. I must look to him."

"Clearly, it would tend to criminate the Chevalier de Buradoc," Uxley added; "and for anything further to happen while he remains in Charnett would be the height of imprudence."

Michael rested his heavy brow upon his hand in meditation.

"Not till after the funeral," he said, at length.

"And then it would be wise to wait till the occurrence of some opportunity that might make the matter wear a natural aspect. To go in the night, like a thief, and steal the little girl would show a deliberate motive, which, put together with what is to come afterwards, the repudiation of Lady Leonora's right to the titles of wife and heiress would strengthen suspicion and bring it full upon the new claimant."

"On Michael Ewrick?"

"Yes."

"No suspicion would be tenable, my plans are too well laid."

"Do not be sure of that. You rely upon your present *incognito*; now the very mystery you have thrown around yourself may

ive birth to a danger. So many characters as you assume, so do the chances of recognition increase; the point at which these characters merge can always be traced."

"They can, unless the trail is hidden well."

"It cannot be hidden; there are in England, as in other countries, institutions where you can hire spies, who, for a sum of money, will trace the history of any man, from his cradle upwards. It is a pitiful calling, but it has its uses, and the hired spy is scarcely less despicable than the hirer, but I know men who have raised the paltry prying trade into an art."

"It is a science in France."

"We have a bad imitation in England. The members of our system have their price, and will as easily betray their employer as those upon whose track they are set. They go into the matter entirely without conscience; you can have a well-told lie or a perjured oath for a little extra money."

"Such institutions are not liked in England."

"Nor anywhere."

"Well," said Michael, with biting irony, "the people who do not like them pay for their support, and are afraid to murmur. To our point, however; you were saying——"

"That for our common safety, it is imperative the premeditated deed shall be set aside for the present."

"Till after the funeral."

"Till there is a good opportunity—till I have ascertained more of Mr. O'Neil's purpose in Charnett, and discovered what the clue is that the forest-keeper spoke of."

"An empty boast!"

"He never boasts."

"A fancy then?"

"He would not speak on that, and be assured there is much meaning in the fact of his association with O'Neil. You do not seem much alarmed about the bullet?"

"In no way; such a thing might have found its way by accident into the hands of any common ruffian, and the supposition that it came, as I am supposed to, from France, would seem nothing more than a coincidence."

"True; but what can he want with it?"

"Have not most people a morbid tendency to the horrible? It is not many years ago since men, and women too, were known to steal the fingers from a dead body on a gibbet, and keep them as charms against sudden death or witchcraft; and during the reign of the guillotine, the people would crowd to the scaffold—for what purpose think you?"

"I know so little of continental manners past or present."

"Why, to dip their kerchiefs and their garments in blood as it ran fresh from the headless victims."

"Ugh! what a mania."

"The germ of mania in some shape exists in all humankind; but the one that craves for the mere startling sensation is most generally developed. This O'Neil's appropriation of the bullet is the same thing in a mild form—he will keep it like a treasure."

"You see no ground for fear, then?"

"None."

"I do, in conjunction with this: on the evening of the inquest, Mr. O'Neil went to the railway station at Lockstone, and sent a telegram."

"Have you followed him or watched him?"

"No. His movements touched my curiosity, so I made a few inquiries in a merely casual manner. The telegraphic clerk at Lockstone obtained his place by my interest, and having little else to do than to nibble his pen and read novels of the cheap and marvelous school, he is given to speculating about his few customers."

"What is the tendency of this?"

"The intelligent youth is a theorist. I think he suffers from an obscure form of brain disease, since he is in a continual state of wonder and is ready to be startled at a moment's notice. The chief part of his intellect runs to his tongue, and does not leave much in the reservoir."

"Well, why so much about him?"

"I am fond of characters, and about him there is a style sufficiently distinctive to be amusing. He cultivates eccentricity, I think, in accordance with a theory entirely his own."

Michael's foot beat an impatient tattoo on the floor.

"On the evening of the inquest, a stranger, Mr. O'Neil by his description, went to the station and wrote a message. It was, from what I could understand, done in cypher or some peculiar effort of stenography. My theoretical informant was struck by it, also by the unusual liberality of his customer."

"Had he a theory of elucidation?"

"That would be expecting too much. But by the singularity of the message and the liberality of its sender, he set the former down as an incendiary piece of secret correspondence, and the latter as a red Bourbonist, a deadly conspirator at the mildest."

"Then he told you the contents, the substance of the telegram?"

"No. Mr. O'Neil, who never runs a risk by an oversight, went back for the message just as my informant had started a theory of elucidation from the obscurest corner of his brain; he gave it up—the message—reluctantly, and the theory went with it; but he remembered a name."

"Stay. Why should he have thought of a Bourbonist?"

"The message went to Paris."

"To Paris?"

"I was about to tell you to whom. I never did see you greatly startled, but I think this will jar your iron nerve."

"Suspense is always irritative. The message went to Paris."

"To Monsieur Gustave Chicto."

Every fibre in Michael Ewrick's frame strung itself to its tension. The effect upon him was electrical; he seemed to rise beyond his height in pure dismayed surprise.

"To Gustave Chicto?" he iterated, with a pallor on his brow and a hoarse whispering in his throat. "Why, then, the river must have given up its dead, and I have a foe like Satan, so stealthy, so bitter, so terible; but if it be a battle, a test of strength, nerve, subtlety, and skill, I will fight it inch by inch with him. To Gustave Chicto. Then he has penetrated my disguise, and could denounce me when he wished. That, however, is not his purpose, and I am well forewarned."

"Not his purpose?"

"You could not understand," said Michael, "even were I to explain the feeling that will actuate this man; he could meet me, smile, eat and drink with me, and all the while be thinking of his own revenge. He will not attempt to stay my career."

"A dangerous foe then?"

"A demon," said Michael. "Deadly and cool, and quiet, patient, tireless and sure. Why he would watch with ecstacy my success in everything, see me build up piece by piece, as it were, all the [illegible] fabric of my future; and then in the meridian of my triumph, when I had the topmost pinnacle of ambition within my touch, it would be his delight to strike and bring the whole toppling down to crush me in its ruin."

"I have a deeply rooted mistrust of very quiet people," said Uxley, "that is why I made it my business to watch him."

"He swore to be my fate, and he will keep his word if I give him the chance."

"I think you fear the man."

"I confess without shame," said Michael, with an oath, "that in him there is something which goes beyond me; he is inscrutable, quick to devise, prompt to act, always on the alert, never taken off his guard, and in no emergency does he lose nerve."

"It is, think you, the same?"

"Must be; what you have told me proves beyond a doubt his purpose here. He is the man I thought buried in the slime of the Seine, and his escape from that death makes him an object of greater peril. In Paris he was called the Sin Phantom."

"I invariably shun extreme measures," said Mr. Uxley, as though inwardly discussing an ordinary point of law, "but in extreme cases they are justifiable."

Michael gazed at him interrogatively.

"When a man goes in danger of his life," Reuben continued, "and has no legal protection, he has morally a right to take any such steps as may be necessary for his own security. I heard the decision given by a very learned authority."

"Out with it," said Michael. "Say what you mean; he will be my destruction if I do not kill him."

"That is a strong version of a judicial decision. Still——"

"It is the intention, why shrink at words? I know the truth of it, Uxley; but I tell you, were we alone in a dark place, no witness, and no danger of discovery, my pistol in a line with his heart or brain, and my finger on the trigger——"

"He would die."

"No; were he to look me in the face, meet me eye to eye, my hand would tremble—I should miss him."

"Strange."

"There is a power within him that quells me, though I fight against it. I could face a horde of savages and defy them all, but face to face with him I am completely nerveless."

"The stronger reason that there should be a barrier between you until something happens to him or you conquer that fear."

"Time and destiny will prove," said Ewrick, moodily. "No barrier but the grave will stand between him and me; my enemies are not fortunate, as a rule, and I shall dig a pitfall for him yet."

"We will hope so," was the lawyer's Christian wish. "Do you now perceive the necessity for extra caution?"

"Quite."

"Will you attend the funeral?"

"I had better."

"It would look more graceful and unobtrusive were you to attend at the burial service without seeking an introduction to the lady."

"Perhaps it would."

"And in the other matter—that of repudiating the Lady Leonora's claim, and instituting your own—it would be best to let me arrange. Make it a legal matter between me, as solicitor to Michael Ewrick, and Messrs. Pentland and Snell, solicitors to the late Lord Sydney."

"So be it; I long for the time to speed, and I shall not rest till every barrier that keeps me from Leonora is swept away."

"Two of these barriers are strong, Michael, and will be more easily undermined than overthrown."

"These two?"

"John Kendrake and Robert O'Neil, both sworn to retribution. We can only cope with them by following the advice sent to the latter by Gustave Chicto."

"The advice?" said Michael, whom the name struck like a fear.

"'Watch and wait.' He will."

"I can do the same," said Michael, "though I was not prepared for this. When will the funeral take place?"

"To-morrow."

"I shall be there. The way to her will seem more clear when the vault has closed over him; and Charnett, the proud old place, my ancestral home, it will be mine—it will be mine."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Cocking in Worcester.—An interesting main of eleven cocks was fought in Worcester, Mass., on the 29th ult., the parties thereto being those well known sports, Messrs. Quilty and Quirk, representative men of the lovers of chanticleer warfare among the Puritans. By the subjoined tally it will be seen that Quilty carried off the honors, though he had a hard tussle for it:—

Quilty's Side. Call.	Weight.		Quirk's Side. Call.	Weight.	
First	3lb 8oz	1	Second	5lb 8oz	1
Fourth	5lb 6oz	1	Third	3lb 10oz	1
Fifth	3lb 11oz	1	Eighth	5lb 2oz	1
Sixth	5lb 4oz	1	Tenth	4lb 6oz	1
Seventh	3lb 12oz	1	Eleventh	4lb	1
Ninth	3lb 14oz	1			
		6			5

Another main of ten matches had been arranged to come off the same day, and to be fought at the same place; but it was postponed. An impromptu main, consisting of seventeen matches and a royal between the winners of the above and another party, made up for the disappointment occasioned by the postponement, however, and sent everybody but the losers home in the best of humor.

A Cock Fight took place in a Main street pit, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 3d inst., but we are not informed as to who the contesting parties were, except that some of the guardians of the peace took a hand in.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

Subscription to the New York Clipper.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

Advertising.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the Clipper is conducted on the Cash principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

D. H. M.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced at the Chatham Theatre while under A. H. Purdy's management, July 18, 1853, and was played every night and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons until April 17, 1854, when "The Child of Prayer" was produced, but "Uncle Tom" was played three evenings a week and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons until May 13, 1854, when it was given for the last time. The original cast was as follows:—

Uncle Tom	G. C. Germon.
St. Claire	G. C. Howard.
Gumption Cute	C. K. Fox.
Eva	Cordelia Howard.
Topsy	Mrs. G. C. Howard.
Phineas Fletcher	G. L. Fox.
George Harris	Mr. Siple.
Legree	N. B. Clarke.
Wilson	Mr. Toulmin.
Deacon Perry	James Lingard.
Eliza	Mrs. W. G. Jones.
Cassy	Mrs. Bannister.
Ophelia	Mrs. E. Fox.
Emmeline	Miss Barber.
Marie	Miss Sanders.

Several changes occurred in the cast soon after. James Lingard played Uncle Tom for the first time Sept. 12, 1853. J. J. Prior appeared as George Harris, H. Stone as Gumption Cute, Mrs. J. J. Prior as Eliza, and J. B. Howe as St. Claire. It enjoyed a run of over three hundred and thirty performances, including evening and afternoon. This is the greatest run on record of any piece in this or in any other country. "Uncle Tom" was brought out at the Bowery Theatre while under J. P. Waldron's management Jan. 16, 1854, with T. D. Rice as Tom, but it enjoyed a run of only two months.

P. Tully, New York.—If you bet on the time as it appeared in the Clipper of June 23, 1863, you win; but if you bet on said time, 19:40, being positively correct, it is an open question; for, as aforesaid, we think the timekeeper must have been mistaken, for these reasons:—The Harvard boat for one fourth of the distance was swamped, consequently she could not push the Brown to her topmost speed; while in the race last summer at Worcester, in which the Frank Queen won, hard pushed all the way, 19:41 only was made, and that was deemed to be the fastest time ever made, by experts. The Clipper representative did not keep the time in 1863, so that it cannot be held responsible if an error was made. The author of the book you refer to was not present, so that he could be no better posted than we are.

N. C.—1. There is no champion—Hyer, Morrissey and Coburn have held the title, and the two last named hold belts, presented to them, Morrissey's having been given to him by Yankee Sullivan, and Coburn's by subscription just before he went to England to fight Mace—both are, however, ex-champions. McCoole and Davis fought for the championship and a belt, which the winner (McCoole) bought so as to retain it, but refused to fight any more. 2. Mace's Unknown and O'Baldwin are matched for the British Championship, the result of which will decide who shall have the belt there. 3. Three, with Geo. Thompson, Jim Sullivan and John Heenan, winning "every time." 4. Jim Dunn.

Harrington, Philadelphia.—1. Those dimensions are very good. 2. When last heard from Alf. was in the mining districts. 3. In his prime he would compare favorably with any one of his weight. 4. Walker is decidedly the most scientific. 5. We consider Barney superior to both on that head. 6. They cannot be had, excepting those of Tom Hyer, Joe Coburn, Ned Wilson and Con Orem, which Fredricks, the photographer of 587 Broadway, has for sale. 7. We should feel "obleeged" therefor, if not too lengthy.

Doctor, Memphis.—Ellen Tree—now Mrs. Charles Kean—first visited this country in 1836, and appeared at the Park Theatre in this city. During the engagement she appeared as Ion, and made a big hit in the character. Her next visit was as Mrs. Charles Kean, in 1845, and she appeared at the Park. Mr. Kean first visited this country in 1830, and played at the Park Theatre. His second engagement in this country, in 1839, was at the National Theatre, Corner of Leonard and Church streets, this city.

Cribbage, Chicago, Ill.—"The cards having been dealt, the discards made by both the parties, and the cut made, a card, say an eight, is turned up. The non-dealer leads an eight and the dealer plays another eight, (these being the only two cards yet played.) The question is, is the dealer entitled to peg or count two as for a pair, or six as for a pair royal. A says six and B says two?"......Two only. The turn up card does not count in playing the hands.

In the Dark.—1. B having the ace can pass, and come in again. 2. When there is no blind, any of the players can bet, but not raise the ante. 3. A player going blind has the privilege of raising on his first hand. 4. We cannot understand what you mean by asking if a player can win a pool without betting for it, when two or more hands are in. 5. No, the dealer decides if it is a double header, if all the rest have passed.

E. T.—There is no record of Flying Childers, except his race over the Beacon Course, Newmarket, (4 miles 1 fur. 173 yards) when, carrying 128lbs., he beat Almanzor and Brown Betty in the alleged time of 6 min. 40 secs. He is said to have run at the rate of a mile a minute, but this is an absurd fiction, and even the above stated time is not regarded as reliable even by English turf writers, such as Stonehenge.

P. O'M.—1. We put ourselves in communication with John C. Heenan regarding his *weight* when he fought Sayers and King, and he sends the following answer:—"Six foot two and a half inches." John ought to know. 2. Not quite 3,000 miles—the Henrietta traveled 3066 miles; the Fleetwing, 3007; the Vesta, 3046, according to the logs kept by the yachts.

Old Abe, Brooklyn.—1. Hyer and Sullivan fought on Wednesday, 7th of February, 1849, at Still Pond Creek, Kent Co., eastern shore of Maryland, 40 miles from Baltimore. 2. The old National Theatre, corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, and the Chinese Museum in Ninth street, between Chestnut and Walnut, were destroyed by fire July 7, 1854.

W. A. F., Providence, R. I.—Yankee Sullivan was found dead in a cell in San Francisco, Cal., where he had been confined by the Vigilance Committee, May 31, 1856, and rumor said that he was murdered by some unknown party. Sullivan's associates have their suspicion of the man whom they imagine committed the crime.

Chicagoian.—"A bets B that one of the Inman Line of steamers made the passage from Queenstown to New York inside of ten days. You will please decide?"......The City of Paris, belonging to the Inman Line, made the passage from New York to Queenstown in eight days, twelve hours and thirty minutes, in June and July of last year.

F. B., Bouckville.—1. At billiards, it is not proper when playing from the string, after having been in the pocket, to play on the outside of the light red ball on the spot. 2. If a ball cannot be spotted without being placed in contact with another, it must be kept off the table till it can.

J. A. G., Philadelphia.—1. For the ninety-ninth time, Morrissey and Poole never fought a fair stand up fight. 2. We do not know their respective weights the morning they fought their rough and tumble. 3. Poole had the crowd, and his friends tried to get a hack at John, but the latter was not hurt much.

M. McC., St. Louis.—The Jack invariably counts when turned up, even if the particular suit has been run previously, all other decisions notwithstanding: a few weeks since, in answering a similar question, a reply was worded differently, we not comprehending the question correctly at the time.

F. A. B., Washington.—1. 2½ tons. 2. The Cincinnati Bridge is not the largest in the world—the Victoria Bridge which crosses the St. Lawrence at Montreal is nearly two miles in length, and at Venice, in Italy, there is a bridge over two miles in length. 3. It was so stated by the English papers. 4. Dexter's 2;18 has never been beaten.

J. T. B.—It was Young Barney who fought the Rondout Giant, Evans, the name Luke being given as a stall. Murphy was well known as a clever sparrer and always on hand when White street was in its glory.

Dave B., Dunkirk.—"Shing fain" is an Irishism, the exact meaning of which none of our numerous Hibernian friends can fathom—it is not a quotation used by "cross coves," which will decide your bet.

Ed. F.—You *are* mistaken—you never read an account of the death of Wm. Hastings, of Centre street, in our columns; it was his brother David. William is alive and from present indications is likely to live for many years to come.

J. O. J., Leon, Ia.—1. We know of no such trick horse; neither do we know what such an one would be worth. It would depend altogether on the law of demand and supply. 2. You forgot to enclose the $2; hence the non-appearance of your advertisement.

J. C. B.—1. J. B. Studley played Rogue Riderhood and C. H. Morton Gaffer Hexham, in "Our Mutual Friend," at the Olympic. 2. Call at this office and we can give you a bill of "Three Guardsmen."

J. W. A., Binghamton.—We cannot decide your question, as it is a matter of opinion altogether. Delehanty and Ward are considered by many to be the best, while others prefer Sands and Hayes.

Mutual, Albany.—We are not able to state definitely the wealth of Messrs. Astor, Stewart and Vanderbilt. Our opinion is that Astor stands first in the list, Stewart next and Vanderbilt third.

Barney, Brooklyn.—Providing the count is at twenty-seven, and it is a "go" with three hands, the party holding four aces can count by play twenty-two points, thus: two for pair, six for pair royal, twelve for double pair royal and two for thirty-one.

Blanchard, Bridgeport, Conn.—The fight between Heenan and King lasted thirty-five minutes, in which time twenty-five rounds were fought, Dec. 10, 1863.

Euchre.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre; A and C are partners against B and D. A deals and turns it down; B makes the trump. Can his partner, B, play it alone?"......No.

Aleo.—A is right, as cards count before honors.

A. G., Raleigh.—"At cribbage, A plays a deuce, B a ten, A a Jack and B says 'go.' A then plays out his hand, two deuces; pegging two for his pair and one for a go. B now holds three kings. He plays the first two and pegs two; then the other king and pegs six for pair royal and one for the last card. Did not B do right?"......Yes.

P. J. H. M.—Not having an idea of the style of the play, we cannot advise you. Perhaps one of our dramatic agents might do something with it.

F. W.—1. Joe Coburn has retired from the ring, and cannot therefore be said to be champion; he is, however, ex-champion. 2. He did not. 3. Never.

H. J. D., Newport.—We have made no arrangements to publish it in book form; should we conclude to do so, however, the fact will be announced in the Clipper.

Inquisitive.—1. "Julius Cæsar" was the play in which the three Booths appeared. 2. Mrs. G. C. Howard was formerly Caroline Fox, sister of G. L. Fox. She was born in 1829.

J. Harney, N. Y.—The Scotia has made the best time from New York to Liverpool—under 8 days and 21 hours, sailed Dec. 16, 1863.

St. John, N. B.—The runs made according to article 1st will have nothing to do with article 2d, as the two players having scored the highest runs should commence on even terms.

R. Prince.—1. Several teachers advertise in our columns. They are all said to be good. 2. Tony Denier is probably one of the best in the country.

447.—1. A has no right to take it up until D has declared his intentions. 2. Two points only can be taken where a player is euchred, no matter whether it be a three or four handed game.

Ayson, New York.—1. A first and second violin and violoncello are about as few as can be got along with. 2. Address or call on J. Sivori as per advertisement.

Old Joe, Philadelphia.—The elephants belong to the Smith & Co. party, and are intended for different circus companies next summer.

J. S. S., Philadelphia.—We do not know what the managers intend to do. The minor prizes will probably be distributed at a future time.

E. N. C., Milford, Mass.—We are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to warrant us in deciding your bet. Our opinion is that pure gold is too soft for screw purposes.

St. Catherines, C. W., Rlebian.—Money received all right—your letter having been traveling around before it reached us. To what address, and to whom shall we send the pictures?

H. H.—If a man in weighing for a fight is to weight without his fighting shoes, he has to fight without them or forfeit, according to rule.

Gloves, Schenectady, N. Y.—It is a matter of opinion—we should consider Jem Mace in England and Joe Coburn in this country among the best.

Central House, Chicago.—Flora Temple's best harness time is 2:19¾. Mr. Bonner has no horse called Sorrel Dapper, nor did we ever see or hear of such a trotter.

F. B. H., Lexington, Mass.—All right. Poem accepted, and *quid pro quo* given in the shape requested, as you will see in other columns.

Dublin Tricks.—1. The fight between Teddy McAuliff and John McCabe lasted 145 minutes, during which time 130 rounds were fought. 2. Can't say where he is if not in New York.

An Uptown Quill.—It was the same Duffy who fought Drumgoole and others alluded to as having recently defeated Peter Joyce—Hen Duffey, of the 22d Ward.

Drama, Cincinnati.—1. John Collins is playing in Australia. 2. Jane Coombs married a Mr. Brown (non-professional) some time since and retired from the stage.

East Lynne.—Those ladies are stars, and have no fixed salary. They have a certain portion of the nightly receipts after the expenses are deducted.

J. E., Boston.—Miss Braddon's novel of "Eleanor's Victory" has been dramatized and played under the same title in England, but not in this country.

R. W. F.—It is not likely that the lady will appear here during the present season.

Andy, Washington, D. C.—Fifty cents each insertion. Duplicate copy if terms suit.

S. F., Montreal.—Items of interest to Clipper readers would be acceptable.

Blakeslee, North Haven.—The lady is at present residing in this city, but not acting. She is married.

Bones, Paterson.—Almost any bone player connected with a minstrel band would give you a few lessons.

A Young Lady, St. Louis.—We cannot give you the desired information.

Wm. K. W., Cincinnati.—A goes out first, the Jack turned up scoring immediately.

Troy.—Kelly's Chicago Lottery has not yet come to pass; it was postponed.

Independent, Waterford.—A player cannot assist his partner and go alone. Have you not mis-stated the question?

G. W. C., New London.—A specimen of your abilities will enable us to decide.

A. B. Culver & Co., Ionia, Mich.—We cannot furnish No. 40, vol. 14. Have mailed copies of other dates to your address.

G. A. Ebert, Hot Springs, Ark.—The paper is mailed regularly to your address.

Reader, Boston.—Lucille was born in 1843, and Helen in 1845. First appeared at the National Theatre, Boston, in 1849.

A. H. G., Groton Center.—Send to John Sivori, 474½ Broadway, this city.

W. Russell, Ohio.—Your epistle is worse than Greek; write another, and don't blot it.

J. A. B., Whitehall.—It was a fair shot, and B should have gone on with his play.

J. W. B., Springfield, O.—1. At Horsman's, 105 Maiden Lane, New York. 2. *City Item* office, Philadelphia.

E. S. R.—1. That is the lady's right name. 2. Thirty-three. 3. New York.

Marion.—We do not know the address of any teacher of elocution in this city.

S. W.—1. See answer to "Stock Exchange" in our last. 2. Of Paul De Spotte, wig maker, 635 Broadway.

John M. Carr, Washington, D. C.—It has not been played.

G. M. F., Boston.—All right; no harm done.

Doc Ellsler.—Will appear in a future issue.

G. R. P.—You require a government State tax and a city or town license.

Fakir, Brooklyn.—Alice still lives and was in your city a few months ago. Cannot locate her at present.

Montezuma.—Nothing of the kind has been published yet, but two parties propose getting out a book of that kind.

Andover.—1. Yes. 2. Dinks, Mayhew and Hutchinson on the dog. 3. Youatt on the horse, if you wish a veterinary work.

A Light Weight.—The light weight championship goes up to 9st. 7lbs., or 133lbs., which is the limit.

Shamus O'Brien.—There is no such thing as a three card flush, and the stranger lost the $50.

F. A. F.—The yacht America never returned to this country after being sold.

Xerxes.—In neither city have such houses ever been licensed.

One of the Boys.—The dealer has no right to a cut.

J. W. R., Chicago.—Keno is gambling when money is at stake.

Small Caps.—Have answered you by mail.

W. S. H.—Not at present.

ABOUT THE WEATHER.

"A damp, cold morning, this." Such was the significant salutation of one of our constant readers as he dropped in upon us one day last week, bundled up in a great-coat, and his teeth chattering as though he had just taken an ice-cold shower bath. The aforesaid individual frequently bores us with his abortive attempts at punning, which we usually treat with silent contempt; but the above bit of facetiousness we excused, considering that the state of the atmosphere justified it. The past fortnight has been productive of much weather, the fickle old chap who is entrusted with the supervision of the meteorological department having demonstrated the capriciousness of his disposition to perfection by favoring us with a sample of all the seasons. We have alternately braved the "pelting of the pitiless storm," basked in the rays of a summer sun, groped our way through an almost impenetrable autumnal fog, and struggled against the piercing blasts appropriate to the time of year. The thaw, which was inaugurated by a sudden rise of the mercury on the 31st ult., continued until the close of last week, treating us to a succession of dissolving views, the mammoth pyramids of snow and ice which had blockaded the streets since the great storm being gradually transmogrified into purling streams of dirty water, which swept in volumes adown the gutters and coursed in tortuous streams along the pavements, to the infinite disgust of peripatetic travelers, the defilement of hitherto immaculate under linen, the soiling of polished calf skin, and the proportionate delight of the boot black brigade, whose importunities to "black yer boots—shine 'em up," met with frequent favorable responses. Pedestrianism has been at a discount, it being not only difficult but extremely hazardous for any person not conversant with the art of swimming to attempt the passage of the streets in some localities—all of which had the effect of materially increasing the daily receipts of the various horse-car and stage companies. But though we have suffered much inconvenience in picking our serpentine way through the seas of liquid mud, we have borne our trials and tribulations with becoming fortitude and resignation, and have at last been rewarded for our Job-like patience by obtaining a view of the boulders so long entombed in an icy sepulchre. Finding that the municipal authorities were heedless of the indignant outcry of an injured public, the elements came to our succor on Saturday night, when a terrific storm of rain, accompanied by a lavish discharge of heaven's artillery, deluged the city, unburdened the streets of their accumulated filth, and enabled us once again to wend our way on foot without danger of being swamped or having our shining understandings bedimmed. Again the many visaged W. C. has changed his wrinkled front, the Ice King, whose rightful authority had for a time been thus usurped, assuming sway again at the hour when spooks do leave their cheerless abodes and take their nocturnal walks abroad, ushering in the week with intensely cold weather, a biting nor'wester sweeping over the city, as though the ides of March were upon us. The weather is still extremely cold—a fact which bringeth much rejoicing to the hearts of skating park proprietors, giving promise, as it does, of another large influx of national currency into their strong boxes; likewise, to "lovyers true," who will now have an opportunity to make amends for the disappointments occasioned by the unceremonious intrusions upon the rights of the hoary monarch.

LOVE.

With a Few Reflections on the Tender Passion.

St. Valentine's Day, all in the morning betimes, this year falls on Thursday, February 14, and young lovers are already seeking their mates through the aid of lace paper, pretty pictures, and original and selected verses. But the day is not honored as once it was, when everybody, old and young, little and big, dipped into love matters, and patronized unlicensed venders of valentines; in years gone by, the traffic in these love missives was immense, but the trade in the sarcastic and unloveable tokens of one's feelings was immenser; then, the so-called comic valentine was made the medium of insult, blackguardism, and everything else that was vile; people who dared not express their feelings of dislike in person, took advantage of St. Valentine's day, and mailed to the objects of their aversion the most disgraceful caricatures and other abominations: that sort of thing was the rule in other days—it is the exception now. But the custom of sending valentines even of a tender kind is apparently dying out, and not one tithe of the business is now done in that line that was formerly done. We have so far advanced in civilization that the good people of the present day prefer to make love in person, and we don't know but that it is the better plan where two hearts beat together as one, or where the admiration is mutual. We take it that way ourselves, and we recommend it to others. *Once* we got hold of the wrong young person, and when we had got through with a deal of very pretty talk, and began to wind up by winding our arms around her taper waist, may be she did'nt let out on us, though; may be she did'nt warm us; may be her large brother did'nt club us, and may be we did'nt make the fastest time on record in going down stairs. "True love never *did* run smooth," they say, but *we* ran pretty fast, we know that. We never visited that young lady again, for it looked as if we were not wanted. However, that don't *often* happen; mostwise we are treated kindly, and our tender marks of affection are rewarded with love's honied kiss, or the soft pressure of the sweet dovelet's trembling hand. Ah, but it's pisen when the old folks interrupt one. We remember one occasion when we had progressed so far in our love making as to assert to the young creature that "she was all the world to me." "Speakest thou truly, sweet love?" she said, while the tears ran down her cheeks. "I dost," was our response; "by all the gods that high Olympus saw, my love for thee no words can e'er express." That fetched her—her head tenderly drooped upon our manly breast; love's gentle breathings tuned our hearts to one accord, and so forth, and just then the "old gentleman" entered. We have not seen the young girl since.

But there are various ways of making love. "To sigh and feel no pain" is a comfortable way of doing it; looking into each other's eyes until you go to sleep is another pleasant way; the "I'd lay me down and die" style is not popular excepting on lace paper; the sing song kind of love, "I have not loved lightly," "beats there a heart," "still so gently," and all that sort of stuff takes well with susceptible creatures, but you can't rely on it, unaided; it *must* have "numerous auxiliaires," as the play bills say, such as squeezing of hands, making the proper faces, drawing the palpitating fair one to your bosom, and a good deal more of such lovely nonsense. Sing song lovers are not desirable, however. But we have no time to go through the list. Our experience has been extended and varied; we have woo'd and won by honied words alone; by "looks that speak," we have been equally successful; by presents, we have made many a winsome conquest, and lost the game at last, for, as a "love stricken dear" poet says: "Love, by presents only gained, must by presents be maintained." Guess the stricken poet must have suffered considerably on that line. But no more of this; we have enough to do to make love for ourself, without instructing others. We don't mind telling you, nevertheless, how to get up a nice valentine without much trouble, and as this is love's festive season, when St. Valentine walks and talks, and mocks the disappointed, let us here indite a few verses for the benefit of all and singular those of our friends who may desire to be let into a good thing:

VALENTINES;

AND HOW TO MAKE 'EM CHEAP.

BY "OUR JIM."

A bit of fancy paper,
Some Cupids throwing darts,
Some verses light as vapor,
Concerning "hearts" and "arts;"
With a sentimental ending
That's reckoned very fine.
Oh! that's the composition
Of a model valentine.

Take a horrid-looking picture—
Just a water-colored thing—
Add some rhymes that wont endure a
Close examining;
Some name, say Bobby Nocakes,
To this production sign,
And there you have what's called a
Comic valentine.

A little dash of Shakespeare—
A single verse or so,
(I pray you don't take Taylor
Or Dion Boucicault)—
Add, perhaps, a stage allusion,
And that tender pronoun "thine,"
And that's the way to get up
An actor's valentine.

"I have seen you on the stage, Miss,
In"—(here insert her part)—
"And your beauty and your acting
Have touched my tender heart;
May I hope that e'er on me, Miss,
Those radiant eyes will shine?
Wilt thou answer thro' the *Herald*?"—
That's an actress' valentine.

For a minstrel, get a nigger—
Go to a picture taker,
And obtain the darkey's likeness
From the photographic fakir;
Then write: "Dis yer's from Dinah,
Who to you hab took a shine,
An' she wants to know now, honey,
Uf you'll be her valentine."

"Forever and forever
To you, sweet love, to you,
I will loving prove, and loyal
And faithful, leal and true,
Till the grass grows in the churchyard
Over your grave and mine."
That's a stanza in the spirit
Of good Saint Valentine.

An M. C. on the P. R.—The XXXIX Congress of the U. S. is getting to be very moral in its last days, and they have got a Morrill man for a mouthpiece, who has introduced a bill to amend and simplify the relation to the Metropolitan Police of the District of Columbia, providing the details for the government of the department, and determining penalties to prevent prize fighting, &c., which was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia. The morals of Congress, as enunciated by this Morrill man, are adverse to anything manly, dirk-knives, pistols, etc., being preferred to nature's weapons in their various disputes, of which they have many. Morrill is probably in fear of the coming man, Morrissey, otherwise the bill to prevent prize fighting in D. C. where, so far as we know, one has never taken place, would seem to be decidedly farcical.

No More Lotteries.—The authorities have determined to put a stop to lotteries like that of the Crosby Opera House, for it seems to be the general opinion that *that* affair was a sell. Another Chicago lottery, called the Kelly Concert Enterprise, is also pronounced a "do," the head man of the concern having made himself scarce as the time for the drawing came around. There is considerable dissatisfaction expressed at the way the Orphan Home Lottery terminated in this city, ticket holders not being able to find out where the things are. We have probably seen the last of the gift lotteries.

The Great Ocean Yacht Race (for Mr. Bennett seems to combine the whole thing in himself) is still the recipient of polite attention and gift enterprises in Europe. He receives them all with profound reverence, and bears his honors in a manner commensurate with the demands of the occasion. Prince Alfred having declined the acceptance of the Henrietta, it is not probable that it will be tendered to the Prince Imperial of France. Several of the men who went out in the yachts have returned home per steamer.

Keeping a Hack.—The consumptive man has one advantage. He always keeps a *hack.—Exchange.*

Yes, but it sadly interferes with his *carriage.*

Closed his Accounts.—Jas. Barron Hope has closed his connection with the Norfolk *Day Book.* Hereafter, in that "Day Book," all who enter "must leave Hope behind."

The Rebel Ram Stonewall Jackson is now an ice boat on the Potomac. The rebs. first used her as a nice boat on their waters.

Useful Invention.—G. Leach, engineer, of Leeds, Eng., owner of the cutter yacht Dewdrop, 18 tons, now lying in Goulrock Bay, has invented an engine of small compass for propelling small yachts during calms. If successful this will be a boon to yachtsmen, as the propeller can be easily shipped and unshipped at sea. The smoke from the furnace is to be carried off through a hollow iron mast.

THE "SOCIAL EVIL."

The subject of granting licenses for houses of prostitution, so as to keep the "Social Evil" within certain prescribed rules and regulations, is attracting a good deal of attention now that the matter has been ventilated in the New York Legislature, and already several meetings have been held in this city by keepers of houses of ill-fame, some of whom favor the license system, while others loudly condemn it. There is a very large class of people interested in this trade—for it *is* a trade, as now carried on—and the number is being increased almost daily. Being entirely out of our line, and unacquainted, as we are, with the "social evil" system, we cannot, through personal knowledge, speak on this subject authoritatively; but with the *Tribune* folks it is different; they know all about such things, can tell where *such* a courtesan lives, how many houses of prostitution are in *this* ward, how many in *that*, with number of inmates and all that. It is a little singular, too, that such should be the case, but so it is. Being of a rollicking, dashing, spicy character, the public naturally conclude, no doubt, that the Clipper and its *corps* are "well up" on the "necessary evil" question, and can point out every courtesan by name, describe her gait, her general character, and that; can tell you to an alspice the tariff, rules, regulations, and everything connected with the iniquitous system—of which we really know nothing at all; while on the other hand, the *Tribune* and its philosophers—who should be (like Mrs. Cæsar) even above suspicion—are better posted on the infamous trade and its traffickers than any other journal or sett. It is owing to this superior knowledge possessed by the *Tribune*, touching houses of ill fame, the number of prostitutes, where to find them, how to approach them, etc., that we are compelled to go to that establishment for information on this agitating and licentious subject, and from the columns of that interesting family paper we copy the following article, which may possess sufficient interest for our readers to warrant them in perusing it:—

Statistics of Prostitution.—The persons personally interested in the business of prostitution in this city, and who have invested money in support of the wretched trade, are divided in opinion as to the need or desirableness of legislation upon the subject. Those who own the buildings in which they reside and carry on the business, favor a law which will cut off the multitude of smaller and rented houses, and which will prevent the "street-walkers" from plying their vocation. The latter class, on the other hand, are in trepidation lest the legislature should take from them the mode, horrible though it is, by which they earn their daily bread. To obtain proper statistics in regard to prostitution in the city is a matter of importance. The following statistics, compiled by those whose professional duties have made them conversant with the evil, are believed to be very nearly accurate.

In the First Ward there are 38 houses, containing 150 inmates, located mainly in Greenwich and Liberty streets. The most of the proprietors are Germans or Irish, and the houses are mostly supported by seafaring men.

In the Second, Third and Fourth Wards there are about 50 houses (among which are 8 dance houses), located mostly in Water, James, Cherry, Oliver and Rose streets. These houses have about 200 inmates, and their patrons are mostly seamen. The dance houses are generally comparatively orderly, although the assemblages are of a thoroughly mixed character. The attendance ranges from 25 to 100 each upon each dance night.

The Fifth Ward was formerly the aristocratic quarter of the women of the town; the "West End" where Aspasia and Anonyma drove a thriving trade, to the envy of their more degraded sisters in vice. But Sodom has joined in the march "up-town," and this ward now contains but about 20 houses, located mainly in Church, Lispenard, West Broadway and Canal streets, and containing about 70 inmates.

In the Sixth Ward the number of these houses has likewise decreased during the past few years, there being now 21 establishments, located in Bayard, Mott, Elizabeth and Mulberry streets, and containing about 80 inmates.

In the Seventh Ward there are about 15 houses, located near the "Hook," and containing 60 inmates.

The Eighth and Fourteenth Wards are the great centres of prostitution, there being 210 houses within their limits, with about 2,000 inmates. There are also here some thousands of street-walkers who reside in furnished rooms in these Wards and consort with thieves and gamblers for their paramours and "lovers."

In the Ninth Ward there are about 20 houses of a very private nature, containing about 90 inmates, and located chiefly in West Washington place, Grove and Bleecker streets.

In the Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Wards there are about 80 establishments, with 150 inmates.

The Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth and Twentieth Wards, comprising the most aristocratic portion of the city, contain the very palaces of sin. Some of these are fitted up with every appliance that pleasure could devise, and the way of vice is made tempting by the glitter which gold can give to the most vicious haunts. The location of these establishments is kept as secret as possible from the general public.

In the Twelfth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second Wards there are 19 houses with 111 inmates.

The total number of inmates of "parlor houses" and "bar houses" is estimated at 4,600.

Of the "street-walkers" it is estimated that there are about 300 houses in the city which are occupied by those women who solicit trade upon the streets, and take their victims to their rooms, and who are supposed to number about 6,000. A third class (which in point of vicious "respectability" is considered first class) of kept mistresses is estimated to number about 2,000, making a grand army of 12,600 criminal women. Were these to be placed in line, and two feet of space allowed to each, the painted procession would extend from the Battery to Fortieth street.

A True Gentleman.—For the benefit of the "young fellers" at Princeton College, competitors for Mr. Jerome's medal, we herewith append a few notes. It will be remembered that Mr. Jerome has offered a medal to be presented to the collegian who developes the true ideas of what constitutes a gentleman; the winner must not only understand these gentlemanly principles, but he must practice them as well, and show to the world what a model (or medal) gentleman really is. Here are our ideas of such a person, and we recommend their careful perusal not only to our friends at Princeton College, but to "all whom it may concern."

A True Gentleman.—He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a fraud. He invades no secrets in keeping of another. He betrays no secrets intrusted to his keeping. He takes no selfish advantage of another's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never strikes in the dark. He is ashamed of slander. He is not one thing to a man's face and another at his back. If he comes into possession of his neighbor's councils he passes upon them an instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He profanes not the privacy of others, whatever the opportunity. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—nearest the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them dishonorably. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke from another, he is straightforward, open and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. Billingsgate don't lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. To women he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he deems honorable he practises towards every man.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MLLE. RITA SANGALLI.

This lady is at present one of the principal *danseuses* brought to this country last August for the play of the "Black Crook," now running so brilliantly at Niblo's Garden, in this city. She made her *debut* on the night of the first representation of that piece, since which time she has appeared every night, charming all beholders by her artistic terpsichorean movements. She was born in Milan in 1849. In early youth she desired to enter the Imperial Dancing Academy, established by the Italian government at the expense of the State. Her parents strongly opposed her inclination, and only her determination could at last induce them to comply with her wishes. Consequently, when 8 years of age, she was admitted as a pupil in the Royal Dancing Academy connected with the Theatre La Scala in Milan. Several unusual promotions to higher classes enabled her to finish her studies at the age of 15, or three years earlier than it generally takes. During the last few months of her studies, the Premier Danseuse of the Scala Theatre being unable to appear, Sangalli was requested to take her place in the celebrated and difficult ballet "Flick and Flock," overcoming many objections. She was allowed to leave the Academy, and continued her studies under the tuition of the celebrated *maestro* Huss, director of the Royal Dancing Academy, but who shortly after died. The only school of note existing in Milan at the time was that of Madame de Blasis, which Sangalli also frequented for a short period. Having sufficiently acquired her art, although only 16 years of age, she made her *debut* as *premier danseuse* in the theatre of Asti, during the Fair, on the 7th of October, 1865, and met with a decided success. This successful *debut*, in so renowned a theatre, was the means of a rapid progress in her career, and of being engaged as first *danseuse* for the celebrated theatre in Piacenza for the carnival season of 1865-1866, and the following spring she accepted an engagement at the Royal Theatre, "Vittorio Emanuele," in Turin, where the unparalleled successes she met with secured her a telegraphic engagement for Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, from which theatre she was engaged for this country as *premier danseuse* for Niblo's. Although she is placed second on the programmes at Niblo's, she is without doubt as great an artist as any of her rivals. Nightly does she grow in favor with her audiences, and the applause bestowed upon her equals that of any other artist. Possessed of considerable personal charms, sprightly and graceful in every action and attitude, she pleases all. While she gives evidence to the cultivated observer of careful study and severe discipline, the art is all so concealed and lost in the enthusiasm and *abandon* of the moment, that she never fails to be popular. Never, in the most difficult and even strained attitudes, does she exhibit the slightest indication of effort; and, throughout all, her expression of countenance is as bright, as animated and as intelligent as her motions are graceful and elegant. Her dancing is full of grace, buoyancy and elasticity. In the "Black Crook" she executes some of the most difficult steps ever attempted by any artist. The audience appreciate her talents, and when about to undertake some of her most difficult *pas*, a breathless silence prevails—all eyes are bent on the stage—all thoughts in the difficulty of the undertaking; but great is the triumph, and tumultuous is the applause when the difficulties are conquered. Sangalli is in the bloom of youth and beauty; her shape is perfection, combining lightness and delicacy with that full development necessary to produce effect.

Big Turf Challenge.—Captain W. H. Williamson, of Mobile, has purchased the race horse Harry of the West, and challenges any horse in the United States to meet him in the spring races for any sum between $10,000 and $25,000.

BILLIARDS.

The Standard American Billiard Tables



AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.

AMERICAN CUE CEMENT.—Price for large bottles, 50 cents. Warranted the best in use.

Price Lists and full information sent by mail.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
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Billiards.

A FIRST CLASS TABLE,
Furnished with the Best Cushion ever invented, viz:—
"THE CAT GUT"
made only by KAVANAGH & DECKER, cor. Canal and Centre streets, New York City.

The Cat Gut Cushion, for which we have a Patent dated December 18th, 1866, is an improvement billiard men have long been wishing for. Wherever it has been tried—and it has been introduced extensively within the past year in New York and vicinity—it has given perfect satisfaction. We are frequently called upon to remove the cushions of other makers, and substitute THE CAT GUT.

Price of a table fully equipped, $525.
KAVANAGH & DECKER,
41 3m Canal and Centre st., New York.

Harry Parker's Eclipse Shades.

NO. 75 MAIN STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE BEST BAGATELLE TABLES.
Home Comforts, Polite Attention, Good Cheer as also Beer, Spirits and Cigars, and Sociability the order of the Day and Night.
HARRY PARKER,
45-1t* Proprietor.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

This affair is still in progress. The following is a summary of the games played since last week's report:

Thirteenth Game.—Played at Nelms & Co.'s room, between Hewes and Hoyt. Score—Hewes, 502; Hoyt, 316. Hewes' average, 11 7-45; Hoyt's, 7 1-15. Highest runs—Hewes, 35, 38, 57, 71; Hoyt, 25, 33, 40.

Fourteenth Game.—Played at Palmer's room, between Messrs. Nelms and Bruce. Score—Nelms, 500; Bruce, 150. Nelms, average, 20; Bruce's, 6-28. Highest runs—Nelms, 157, 67, 74, 40, 109; Bruce, 19, 26.

Fifteenth Game.—Played at the Continental Hotel, between Messrs. Estephe and Hoyt. Score—Estephe, 500; Hoyt, 206. Estephe's average, 31 5-16; Hoyt's, 13 11 15. Highest runs—Estephe, 98, 86, 61, 59, 43, 57; Hoyt, 66, 33, 35.

Sixteenth Game.—Played at Hewes' room, between Messrs. Rockhill and Palmer. Score—Rockhill, 500; Palmer, 386. Rockhill's average, 13 15-37; Palmer's, 10 16-37. Highest runs—Rockhill, 40, 44, 45, 48, 51; Palmer, 30, 32, 58, 60.

Seventeenth Game.—Played at Estephe's room, between Messrs. Bruce and Hoyt. Score—Bruce, 500; Hoyt, 397. Bruce's average, 6 32-85; Hoyt's, 5 39-34. Highest runs—Bruce, 80, Hoyt, 49.

Eighteenth Game.—Played at Dow's room, between Messrs. Rockhill and Hewes. Score—Rockhill, 501; Hewes, 448. Rockhill's average, 9 4-53; Hewes', 8 32-53. Highest runs—Rockhill, 36, 37, 43, 57; Hewes, 43, 42, 39, 34, 32.

BULLETIN OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Games.	Won.	Lost.	Games.	Won.	Lost.
Estephe	4	0	Hewes	2	3
Nelms	3	0	Rockhill	3	3
Palmer	3	1	Bruce	1	4
Ryall	2	2	Hoyt	0	5

Continuation of the Billiard programme for the current week:

Nineteenth Game will be played at Schrack & Bruce's rooms, between Messrs. Palmer and Ryall.

Twentieth Game will be played at Nelms' rooms, between Messrs. Nelms and Hewes.

Twenty-first Game will be played at Palmer's rooms, between Messrs. Ryall and Hoyt.

Twenty-second Game will be played at the Continental Hotel, between Messrs. Nelms and Palmer.

Twenty-third Game will be played at Hewes' rooms, between Messrs. Rockhill and Bruce.

Twenty-fourth Game will be played at Estephe's rooms, between Messrs. Estephe and Hewes.

MORE LARGE RUNS.—Joseph Vermeulen, whose defeat at the hands of Peter Snyder by more than 1,000 points in a game of 1,500 was recorded a few months since, has been astonishing the Chicagonians by making, "in the middle of the table," successive runs of 406 and 798. A curious cueist would like to know if these runs were made with top-heavy balls, or if the cloth on the table was not a little rough, or the least bit indented in some places. It is such a common thing to make whopping runs nowadays, except when, as in a match, players really have need to make them, that some explanation seems to be called for as to why it is these runs can only be made when there is no referee watching the play.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—At the regular meeting of the Pennsylvania Billiard Congress, held at the Palatial Billiard Rooms, Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:—President—J. R. Bruce: Vice President—H. W. Hewes; Treasurer—Geo. Schrack; Secretary—R. T. Ryall. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to the retiring President, James Palmer, Esq.

BILLIARDS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—A game of billiards is to be played in that city according to the following rules; viz.: Article 1st. The two players scoring the highest runs between the 1st day of February and the 1st day of April, shall play on the 3d day of April a match game of one thousand points up, and the winner to be entitled to hold the prize; and he shall after that play any native of New Brunswick for the prize and championship. 2d. The game of one thousand points shall be the American four ball game, on a six pocket table, and to be governed by Phelan's code, as it now stands amended. The above game is to be played for a gold miniature billiard table and cue.

A BILLIARD MATCH, 1,000 points, English game, was played at the Victoria Tavern, Morpeth Road, London Eng., on Jan. 26th, between C. Hughes and J. Bennet, which the former won by a score of 1,000 to 820.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD PLAYERS' ASSOCIATION.—It is purposed to hold a general meeting of this association at Montreal, about the time that Dion and McDevitt play for the championship. Prior to this meeting the Board of Directors will convene. The board is composed of Gershom B. Hubbell, chairman; Michael Phelan, treasurer; John J. Wizeman, financial secretary; Benjamin Garno, recording secretary; and Joseph Dion, Philip Tieman, William S. Tobin, M. M. Miller and James E. Palmer severally representing Canada, the West, the East, the Southwestern and the Middle States.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The sixth contest for this honorable position in the billiard world and the emoluments accruing, is to take place at Bumstead Hall, Boston, Mass., on Thursday, the 21st inst., between Messrs. Tobin and Daniels, to be governed by the usual rules. The modern Athenians anticipate a scientific display in the manipulation of the ivory spheres.

MATCH AT MCDEVITT'S.—On Tuesday, the 5th inst., a match for $200, carom game, 1,500 points, was played at McDevitt's rooms, in this city, between two well known amateurs. One of the players won by about 700 points, his best run being 72. A large amount of money changed hands.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES HINES.—This young and much esteemed gentleman, who backed John McDevitt in nearly all his matches, died at Indianapolis last week. His disease was consumption.

DOINGS OF THE INDIANA CHAMPION.—Timothy McCarthy, champion of Indiana, and superintendent of O'Connell's rooms at Fort Wayne, recently made an average of 72 in a game of 500 points. Four of his runs aggregated upwards of four hundred points.

THE CONNECTICUT CHAMPIONSHIP.—Michael Wollahan and M. H. Hewins play their pending match for the championship of Connecticut at Allyn Hall, Hartford, on the 19th inst.

THE MAINE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Walter Brown contemplates getting up a tournament for the championship of the State. At present there is no holder of the champion cue of Maine, which fact is not flattering to the players of a State whose motto is "I lead."

THE GOLD WATCH AND THE DIAMOND RING TOURNAMENT.—On the 12th inst, the tournament proper for the possession of the above prizes will commence at McDevitt's establishment in 6th avenue. The best runs made in the preliminary games were 106 at the four ball game, and 13 at the French. Two gentlemen made 13.

NEW ROOM IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. T. H. Greene, proprietor of one of the finest public houses in Philadelphia, is about to add a billiard room to his establishment, Eighth and Chestnut streets. He has ordered of Phelan & Collender seven second sized carom tables and three four pocket.

A BILLIARD CON.—When two men have a contest with cues, can it properly be called a cutaneous eruption?

PARKER ACCEPTS CLEAVER'S DEFI.—In response to the bagatelle challenge from Wm. Cleaver in our last, the challenged party has sent us the following rejoinder:—

75 MAIN STREET, Brooklyn, Feb. 10th.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I herewith accept Mr. Cleaver's offer to play me a home-and-home match at bagatelle, French game, for from $50 to $100 a side, and will meet that gentleman at the CLIPPER office on Thursday, Feb. 14th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., to sign articles and put up half forfeit.

I will also play any man in the country a similar match for a like amount. A reply through your columns will meet with prompt attention from Yours, etc., HARRY PARKER.

CHALLENGE TO BAGATELLEITES.—Harry Parker, of the Eclipse Shades, Brooklyn, has a man he will back against any bagatelle player in the country, at the cannon or carom game, for not less than $50 a side. Who'll take him up?

NEAREST ROAD TO GREENWOOD.—The recent great change in the weather is apt to render persons uncomfortably warm and consequently careless in their mode of attire. For the edification of such as may be anxious to give employment to the pill brigade and secure a mahogany duster at an early period, we herewith offer a little good advice:—At this season persons who are partial to rheumatism should wear thin boots and be careful to keep them well soaked in snow water. A quick fever can be secured by leaving off overcoats. Neuralgia complaints are open to all who walk till they become heated, and then stop at the corner of a street and cool off by a genial chat with some good fellow. Coughs are free to all who will insist upon throwing open their coats in order to catch the gentle South breeze which prevails. The ladies are such thorough experts in this art that we need not offer them any suggestions, but by abandoning their cloaks and rubbers, and resorting to their boots and shawls, they will reach a gruel diet by a short cut.

THE RING.

SAM COLLYER HEARD FROM.

HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT AARON OR KELLY AT 128lbs.

PROBABILITY OF KELLY BEING HIS NEXT OPPONENT.

As predicted at the tail end of the article referring to Collyer's being challenged by Barney Aaron and Billy Kelly, their cards have received attention, and we are able to say something, but shall have to wait another week or so before anything definite is done. As in the week previous there was another wild goose chase after Collyer last week, owing to a canard being circulated that he was in town on Saturday, and in hopes that it might prove correct, Kelly and his backer, Mr. James Hughes of 32d street and 10th avenue, were on hand betimes, anxious for the first chance at the young champion, but had to go empty away without their wish being gratified. Barney Aaron was also "around" bright and early on Monday morning, to hear the news, (which will be found below), and while he said he wasn't authorized to make the match at Collyer's weight, he left to consult his backers, willing to agree to anything they say. He, like Kelly, wants to get word first when Collyer is in town, but the chances are that Billy Kelly will be Collyer's next aspirant for the championship and $1,000 a side, as that figure is more likely to suit than $2,500. In the meantime, Jim Kerrigan, Teddy McAuliff, and other promising light weights are talked up by their friends as being "open for engagements," so that other matches are pretty certain to follow, no matter who Collyer sees fit to accommodate. There is still another 9 stone lad in the field open to fight anybody at that weight if he can get backed—Larry Farley, who may find friends to give him a trial for money, and if so, out of the batch somebody ought to get matched outside the championship. Until Collyer arrives, which will be about the 23d of the month, nothing can be done. Here is Collyer's dispatch above alluded to.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 8th, 1867.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—I will fight Barney Aaron at one hundred and twenty-eight (128) pounds, or Billy Kelly. Will be in New York in two weeks. SAM. COLLYER, Parker's Opera House.

THE CAST IRON MAN'S MATCH WITH GEORGE ROOKE.—Now that these specimen bricks of the genus pugil have put up their first and in general the hardest installment to raise, there is every prospect of their coming to a hand to hand encounter in the showery month of April. The announcement of $200 being posted in our last issue, settled the humming and hawing of those who are always ready to throw cold water on matches which have a possibility of falling through, and now everybody knew they would be matched, of course. The celebrity attached to the names of both Rooke and Collins gives their match an air of importance which wouldn't otherwise be the case. Rooke, besides being a brother to the noted Birmingham pug, Jack, has appeared in the P. R. once, and with such advantage, that in spite of his *tout ensemble*, and long, lathy build, he is looked upon as a boxer of great skill and activity. Collins, too, or the Cast Iron Man, comes of good Irish stock. In appearance he is a fine specimen of a boxer, and is not unlike Johnny Walker, of Stoney Stratford. He has performed a time or two in the London district, and with success we are informed. Ever since his first appearance in the country at Sam Collyer's benefit, the sports have been anxious to see him matched, and greater will be the curiosity to see him fight. His benefit in Brooklyn this evening (the 11th), will be a rouser, and if he spars with Butt Riley, as announced, great will be the sensation. He will probably train near Port Jervis. The next deposit of $50 a side must be forthcoming at this office not later than 4 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, the 12th.

MILLING IN THE JERSEYS.—Joel Thompson, a Canuck, and Hen Murtagh, a Fenian, becoming involved in a bar-room quarrel at Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., went from there to a spot about a mile and a half from the junction, and in a manly way sought to settle their difference of opinion on Fenianism. They stripped and went at it in Spring and Langan style. At the second round Thompson was awarded the first knock-down. The fight was very severe till the seventh round, when both men went down, but Thompson was so crushed by his oppenent, whose knee struck his stomach, that he was unable to come to the scratch at the call of time. Murtagh, however, generously allowed him ten minutes, and two rounds were fought, when the seconds agreed to separate the men, who were sufficiently punished. Murtagh issued a challenge to fight it out on a future day, which was declined by Thompson. The former is a native of the county Meath, Ireland, about twenty-three years of age. He was employed in an iron foundry in Brooklyn for about ten months, but lost his situation last June by going to Canada to join the Fenian invaders. Thompson is about thirty years of age, and says he is a correspondent of a Canadian paper.

JOHNNY WALKER STILL LIVES.—The annexed letter will explain itself, and be read with interest by the supposed to be deceased's friends:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15th, 1867.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir.*—My friend, Mr. Joe Winrow, informs me that there is a report current in New York to the effect that I was drowned some months since in the bay of San Francisco, and as such report has a tendency to hurt my business you will confer a great favor on me by correcting it through the columns of your journal. There was a man named Walker drowned here some time since, and our local papers made the mistake, which, I suppose, has been copied into the Eastern papers. I am engaged in the Boarding House business, and in several instances lately some of my old boarders, who would have come direct to me, have gone to other places under the impression that I was no more. I only make this statement for the purpose of showing you how the above report is interfering with my business. By contradicting the same you will much oblige.

Yours respectfully, JOHNNY WALKER.

A BOXER IN DISTRESS.—We regret very much to hear that Ed. Tuohey, a civil, honest, clever young fellow outside of his well known abilities as a boxer, together with his family, are in the greatest distress in Brazil, South America, with no money and no means of returning home. This having come to the knowledge of young Barney Aaron, he has kindly volunteered to get up a benefit to raise the wherewithal to enable Tuohey and his wife and child to get back, and to this end invites the co-operation of the sparring fraternity. It is thought that the gallant little fireman, Billy Donnelly, will be able to get the hall for the purpose, while Barney, besides defraying the printing expenses, will be able to dispose of a number of tickets. Before going to press next week we hope to be able to announce the benefit as under way.

TOM BOWEN'S NIGHT.—In our next we shall be able to give the day and date of the testimonial benefit shortly to be tendered to that free-hearted and jolly old sport, Tom the Boatman, whose unmistakeable phiz has been conspicuous at almost every sporting gathering of late years. He has only to let the boys know when and where it is to be to have them all alive for it. The Everett Rooms, or Major's, will probably be the scene of the testimonial, and a fortnight about the time.

LARRY FARLEY, a seven months arrival from the Old Country, is anxious to try himself in the P. R. with any 9 stone man in the country, and to that end is looking for backers. Larry is a determined-looking young fellow, and has fought twice in the north of England—defeating Dennis McCarthy, and being defeated by Skiver. He was to give the boys an opportunity to see him perform at Collins' benefit.

RAFFLE FOR A DIAMOND CLUSTER.—A valuable cluster pin, the property of the late Milage Cornell, is shortly to be raffled for at the Crystal in the Bowery, the proceeds of which are to be given to his mother. It is a good cause, and we hope to see a handsome sum realized for the afflicted one.

CORNELL'S WIDOW.—We are requested by the relatives of the late Milage Cornell, to state that Milage was not married at the time of his death, and consequently could have left no widow behind.

TYSON ARRIVED OUT.—Jem Tyson, whose visit to this country was rather brief, and whose departure from it was very sudden, is announced for a benefit at Nat Langham's, London, Eng., on the 11th of Feb.

FIGHT IN THE SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.

Bower and Knowles weighed on Monday, Jan. 21st, at the Leopard Inn, Chesterfield, Eng., when the landlord declared that Bower was at his fighting weight (8st 10lb), but without his shoes. Knowles scaled 7lb under his weight. In consequence of some misunderstanding, the men did not meet until Friday, Jan. 25th, when the place of fighting was Midhopa, near Langsett, twelve miles from Sheffield. Both lads hail from Chesterfield, and considerable interest was manifested in the match, which, however, proved a very hollow affair. The lads may both be termed novices, Knowles having fought only once, and that for a small stake. His opponent beat German Jack, for £5 a side; also Jem Bowry, of Gloucester, for the same amount, and was beaten by Barrett, of Chesterfield, for £5 a side. The stakeholder ordered the men to fight as above, and they were at the ring-side prepared for the combat, when a difficulty arose about the referee, and after half an hour had been wasted, one was appointed who gave general satisfaction. At six minutes past ten o'clock the lads appeared in the ring, and commenced

Round 1. Bower led off with his left on Knowles' chest without any effect, and Knowles returning on the face, both got down.

2. They got together at once, and some sharp exchanges took place, Bower getting first blood. The latter fibbed awey at his opponent's body, and Knowles returned heavily on Bower's face, when both fell, Bower under.

On the third round there was some slight sparring, and both fell without a blow. When Bower came up he appeared much flushed, his right eye having closed from the effects of the previous bout.

The fourth round was commenced with some hard fighting, Bower getting well on the body, and Knowles returning with fearful severity on the face. Both got down, Knowles outside the ring.

From the fifth round Knowles took the lead, and had evidently the battle in his hand, knocking his opponent about in every part of the ring, taking care to get well on the eyes and nasal organ.

6 to 12, and last. These rounds were a repetition of the former ones, Knowles getting on the face, whilst Bower returned on the body. After fighting eleven minutes, Bower, by the advice of his backers, gave in, declaring that he could not fight any longer. The loser, at the conclusion, was severely punished, whilst Knowles left the ring without showing many signs of his opponent's handiwork. They fought for £30.

JACK ROOKE AND HARRY ALLEN.—£70 each has now been staked by these provincials for their 10st 9lb engagement on Feb. 5, and the final deposit, of £10 a side, was to have been put up the week ending Feb. 2d. The merits and demerits of the combatants were eagerly discussed by Manchester ring goers, Rooke being decidedly the favorite in betting. He was doing plenty of work at Mr. Ashley's, Altrincham, a most salubrious spot; and Allen, being prepared by Bill Lang, at Manchester, was never better in his life. The eventful day was eagerly looked for, and, as both men are extremely confident, a brilliant encounter may be expected.

ENGLISH BOXERS GOING TO PARIS.—With the sanction of the French Government, arrangements are in progress for a display of "*Le Boxe*" during the world's fair at Paris. The first batch of professors will include Bob Travers, Jem Dillon, Jesse Hatton, Tom Allen, and many others. All the other celebrities, including Mace, Goss, &c., will follow in rotation, as their engagements will allow, so that the *elite* of the P. R. will be represented. Jesse Hatton, in company with Dan Tuhey, the manager, is now in Paris settling preliminaries.

MACE'S MAN AND O'BALDWIN.—Another £10 a side was put down Friday, Jan. 25, with the stakeholder. On Feb. 1st Mace was to christen his nomination. He was to leave his quarters at Derby on Wednesday, Jan. 30th, just in time for the purpose. Goss will accompany him.

GOSS AND ALLEN.—As yet no definite arrangement has been made with regard to these men. Goss was to make his exit from "durance vile" the first week in February.

AQUATICS.

Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing,

Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand.
33-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 'Ann street (formerly

No. 1 Barclay st), two doors from the New Herald Building.
34-3m THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

HAMILL TO BROWN.

JIMMY COUPLES HIS FIVE MILE ACCEPTANCE WITH THE OFFER TO ROW WALTER A THREE MILE RACE FOR $1,000 A SIDE.

$250 UP TO FULL BROWN HIS OWN DISTANCE.

Walter Brown's pronunciamento from the burnt district has stirred up the Pittsburgh representative and elicited a rejoinder which will wake up the boating fraternity generally and cause their respective friends to rejoice at the double treat in store for them in the shape of a three and a five mile race between the respective champions of Portland, and Pittsburgh, or, to make it more important, Maine and Pennsylvania. Jimmy's foresight in waiting for a chance to put in *his* one-two, as our pugilistic friends would observe, show that his head is clear, and to see who shall be champion of the three miles as well as the five, the Little Engine sends on another $250 for a three mile race in addition to his $250 for a five miler, making $500 now in our possession from Jimmy Hamill, who couples his challenge with a call on Walter to forward articles to him for his signature. In this connection, we should add that Walter Brown telegraphed to us from Portland on the 9th inst., to the effect that he would meet Hamill at our office on Saturday, Feb. 16th, to draw up articles, which the latter may not be able to do at such short notice, and it will therefore be as well for Brown to send articles to Hamill at once, and thereby save both time and expense. Arrangements can be made just as satisfactorily to one as the other, and all hands will, or should be equally satisfied. To what Hamill has to say in his reserved edict, we will now call your polite attention. Read:—

FEBRUARY 7TH, 1867.

FRIEND QUEEN.—I was rather surprised at the style of Mr. Walter Brown's last card in your paper. If Mr. Brown and his friends are satisfied with it I am, for I am rather good natured myself, and was inclined to believe that friend Brown was equally so, and could stand a little pleasantry, after having thrown himself open to it. But it seems I was mistaken, and I will, for the future, have to confine our correspondence more to business.

Now I want Mr. Brown to distinctly understand that he is mistaken in his assertion that I have refused to row him a three mile race, as it was one of my first offers to row him that distance. All I contended for was, that that distance was not the one usually rowed for the Championship. I agreed to row him both distances, so as to give him a chance at his favorite distance, and to show that I never go back in anything I say in regard to boating, I send you by Adams' Express two hundred and fifty dollars, as a deposit, to row Walter Brown a three mile race for one thousand dollars a side, over the same course as our five mile match, Mr. Brown to have the privilege of rowing either race first, on the day before, the same day, or the day after that selected for the first race. As I think this offer is perfectly fair, Mr. Brown will please put up the like deposit, send on articles, and have both races fixed.

Should the races come off at Pittsburgh, I will guarantee a smooth course and fair play, but as Mr. Brown says that he is willing and able to pay his *own bills*, I will give him an opportunity of doing so, by agreeing to row both races at Philadelphia, each man to pay his own expenses. If he prefers Pittsburgh, I suppose I will have to take that trouble off his hands, and be more generous, win or lose, than he was in regard to that little printing bill. I am sorry that he does not visit "Mills," as our city is full of them, and really there are a good many of them well worth a visit—so much so, in fact, that the members of both branches of our Legislature are now here for the very purpose of examining our "mills" and other institutions. Hoping that friend Brown will keep his temper, and throw no further obstacles in the way of making both matches, and that the best man may win, I remain yours respectfully, JAMES HAMILL, Pittsburgh.

CRICKET.

CRICKET ON ICE.

MANHATTAN VS. SATELLITE.

The return match between these clubs took place on the Satellite Lake on Tuesday, Jan. 29th, another signal victory for the Manhattans marking the close, they defeating the Satellite eleven by a score of 239 to 87, and that, too, with six wickets to fall, the second wicket of the Manhattans falling for 140. The Satellite did not have as strong an eleven out as before, being rather weak in bowling and neither did they field as well, as a general thing. As they were short handed when the hour arrived for play they decided to go in at the bat, and they sent in Tilly and Podmore to open play. Before they retired each had scored 11, Tilly getting his score in four hits. Both were bowled by "Parr," the same bowler who took so many wickets in the previous match, he and Tucker leading off in the bowling, Hamer and Moore followed them, and both were doing service when a change was made in the bowling, Chadwick taking Tucker's place. The third wicket had fallen for 45, and when the sixth went down the figures had only been increased to 69, the swift balls of Parr and the good length balls at the other end proving troublesome. Hamer scored 30 before he was got rid of, Packer's 12 being the only other good score. Till was caught by Parr, and "Fish" retired from stopping a straight ball with his leg, the rest being bowled. Only 12 byes were scored, Jenkins' long stopping very effectively. The total of the innings was 87, nearly twenty more runs than in the previous match. At 3 P. M., the Manhattans sent in Sebring and Livesey to the bat, and for a time the fielders had as much as they wanted to attend to, both batsmen sending the ball all over the pond. Livesey, especially, showed an excellent defence, besides making a number of fine hits, two fives marking his score of 45. Sebring was the first to retire, a good 25 being his share of the score. Parr—not the veteran of All England fame, but a colt who bids fair to equal him in time—took Sebring's place and soon began to make things look lively to the tune of threes and fours, with a five here and there. The two first wickets had fallen from well taken balls by Tilly, and Jenkins and Parr had faced each other for nearly an hour, when the latter was bowled, his score reaching just 100. H. Tucker followed Parr, but was run out after scoring 17, in which a five hit was conspicuous. Love and Jenkins were in at the bat, and the score had been run up to 239, when the time arrived for drawing stumps, and the umpires, glad to be relieved of their duty, took up the stumps and closed the match, the Manhattans being the victors with six wickets to fall. We give the score below:—

SATELLITE.		MANHATTAN.	
Tilly b Parr	11	Sebring c and b Tilly	25
Podmore b Parr	11	Livesey c Tilly b Moore	45
Hamer b Chadwick	30	Parr b Packer	100
Moore b Chadwick	2	Jenkins not out	39
McKay b Chadwick	0	H. Tucker run out	17
Silsby b Parr	1	Love not out	8
Packer b Chadwick	12		
Till c Parr b Chadwick	4		
Sammond, Jr., b Chadwick	0		
Fish l b w b Chadwick	2		
Veteran not out	0		
Byes, 12; leg bye, 1; wide, 1	14	Byes, 2; wides, 3	5
Total	87	Total	239

Umpires—Messrs. Palin and Boyd. Scorers—Messrs. Hindley and Wright. Time of game—4 hours.

The weather was very severe, the thermometer being down to 14 deg., with a high wind from the northwest. The ice, too, was in poor condition, the last snow, with the thaw that followed, having made the surface rough. We should like to see a match between all New York and all Brooklyn at cricket. Two good elevens could be raised.

CHIPPEWA CRICKET CLUB.—This Philadelphia organization of cricketers give their fifth annual ball on Monday evening, Feb. 11th, at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia. Among the names of the managers we see those of several base ball players, viz:—McBride, Pratt, Bomeisler, etc. Gentlemen who are so expert with balls on the turf will have no difficulty in making the friends of the Chippewas enjoy their ball over the waxed surface of a dancing hall. We thank our friends for an invitation to take a hand (or foot, rather) in the festivities.

BALL PLAY.

THE ANNUAL BOOK OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—This work is in the hands of the printers, and will be ready for distribution to clubs by the 1st of March. Clubs entitled to copies—as are all clubs belonging to the National Association—will each have eighteen copies sent them as their quota, it being necessary that a sufficient number should be preserved for the next convention. Five thousand copies will be printed, that being the number authorized by the convention. Six thousand would not have been too many, as each club ought to have at least twenty-five copies. Last year the whole of the copy of the book was prepared for the printers by Mr. Chadwick, and this year the same duty has devolved upon him, as a member of the printing committee. The committee last year failed to attend to the matter at all, and the result was that the book did not appear until June. This year it will be issued three months earlier.

CHOOSING OFFICERS FOR THE SEASON.—At a regular meeting of the Alida Base Ball Club, of New York, held on Wednesday, Feb. 6th, 1867, the following gentlemen were elected officers to serve until the 5th of April, 1868:—President—John Galnar; Vice President, John S. Ferris; Recording Secretary, John E. Heartt; Treasurer, Thomas Palnew; Board of Directors, P. H. Sheridan, James Powers, T. J. Curran; Captain, F. Hart.

MARYLAND BASE BALL CLUB.—At the recent regular monthly meeting of this club, of Baltimore, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz:—President, M. H. Hooper, Sr.; Vice President, W. P. Vaughen; Recording Secretary, Edward C. Lefebore; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. J. Mulville; Treasurer, James C. Wilson; Board of Directors, Charles Young, M. H. Hooper, Sr., H. O. Reese, Ono. G. Gortor; Captain first nine, M. H. Hooper, Jr.; Captain second nine, W. P. Vaughen.

COCKING SPORT NEAR WORCESTER.—That cock-fight came off on the 29th instead of the 28th of Jan., at Ad. Carpenter's place in Sutton, twelve miles from Worcester, State of Mass., Quilty winning the main. There was some lively betting. John Aldrich lost heavily. He had four Cuban fowl of his own in the main, all small cocks. Below are the items:—

J. QUIRK.		J. QUILTY.	
Call	3lb 8oz—lost.	Call	5lb 8oz—lost.
Call	3lb 10oz—won.	Call	5lb 6oz—won.
Call	3lb 11oz—lost.	Call	5lb 4oz—won.
Call	3lb 12oz—lost.	Call	5lb 2oz—lost.
Call	3lb 14oz—lost.	Call	4lb 8oz—lost.
Call	4lb —won.		

After the main came the grand royal battle between five cocks belonging respectively to Sandy Conners, of Boston; Brown, of Providence; B. Eagar and Sherman, of Worcester, and Ad. Carpenter. All the cocks were heeled, and then dropped in the pit. There was some lively fighting for about fifteen minutes, when three of them were killed. Then Brown and Eager's cocks stepped in to decide, which Brown won after a few minutes. Each man put a "fiver" a peace in the pot, which the owner of the winning cock added to his pile. The fight was for one hundred dollars on the main, and $20 on each fight.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SWEEPSTAKES.—There was another enthusiastic gathering of the clans at Monsieur E. Hoffman's hostelrie, 23d Ward, Philadelphia, on Jan. 31st, which was the fixture for a shooting match for a member of the species porcine, ten chances being taken at $8 per chance. The conditions were to shoot at ten birds each, singles, the first miss to stand off. By the score it will be seen that the crack shots were pretty well represented. Seeds and Mingles having tied, and darkness preventing their shooting off, the spoils were equally divided between them. The score:—Harry Mingle, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10; E. Shellmire, 1 1 1 1 0—4; R. Cornell, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—8; W. Seeds, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10; M. Johnson, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9; L. Dover, 1 1 1 1 1 0—5; R. Cornell, 1 1 1 1 0—4; L. Dover, 0; M. Johnson, 1 1 1 1 1 0—5; W. Lee, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9.

PIGEON MATCH.—An interesting match was decided in the neighborhood of the capitol of Pennsylvania on the 31st ult., the parties thereto being the "Harrisburg Boys," J. W. Orth and B. Frisch, against Joe Lawrence and Phil. Linn. The conditions were to shoot at eleven single birds each from ground trap, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, with 1¼oz. shot, trap for each other, for $50 a side, and half a dozen Heidsick. The following is the score:—

J. W. Orth	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	J. M. Lawrence	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1
B. Frisch	1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1	P. Linn	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0

THE TRAP IN ILLINOIS.—A couple of pigeon matches were decided at La Salle, Ill., on the 26th ult. The first was a two hundred dollar match between Thos. Reavely and Chas. Anderson, each shooting at eleven singles. The result was a tie score, each killing seven. Anderson then offered to double the stakes and have another go, but Reavely declined. The sport wound up by a three bird match, for a keg of foaming Teutonic beverage, between Dave Challenger and J. Flemming. The former won, killing all his birds, while F., picked but two. The weather was intensely cold.

THIRTY-TWO MILES WALKING MATCH.—The contest of speed and bottom alluded to in a recent issue between a couple of fat and thin representatives of the persuasion Teutonic, yclept Jake Handrich and Dave Kuhn, came off on the day announced. The distance traversed was from Nashville to Murfreesboro, Tenn., the parties at liberty to take any route they chose, either pike or across lots, and the stake at issue is said to have been $1,000 a side. "Yacob," who is proprietor of the Climax Saloon, is a square built, muscular man, about thirty-five years of age, and weighing two hundred and ten pounds. His antagonist is of the tall, lank and lean order, about the same age, and scales about one hundred and fifty pounds with his togs on. The start was made from the Climax Saloon at 3 P. M. on the 2d inst., each going off briskly, with a confident air. The first fifteen miles was made in three hours, Handrich having maintained a good lead all the way. Night now drew her mantle round the earth, as the poet puts it, and the remainder of the journey was accomplished in the dark, each keeping up a good pace. The boniface of the Climax, notwithstanding his disadvantage in the matter of greater avoirdupois, reached the St. Charles, Murfreesboro, five minutes in advance of his opponent, having made the thirty-two miles in seven hours and fifteen minutes—an average of nearly four and a half miles per hour, which, considering that neither party had trained for the affair and were prohibited from partaking of either bibibles or edibles on the way, was pretty good traveling.

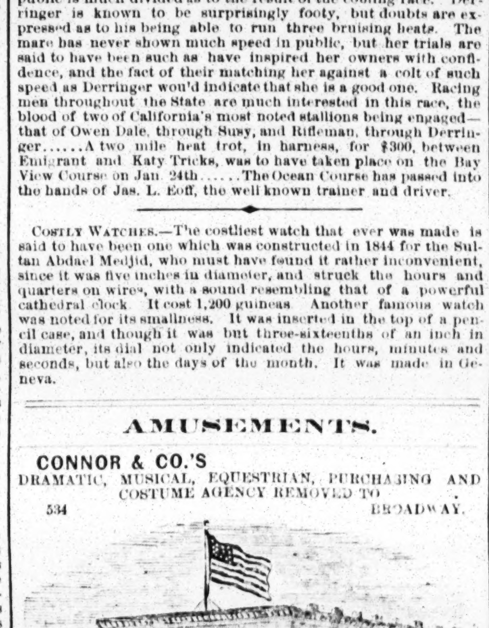
TURF MATTERS IN CALIFORNIA.—Turf matters seem to be in a prosperous condition in the Golden State, as a number of interesting contests are on the tapis. One very important event was to have taken place on Monday, Jan. 14, for $3,000, between Derringer and Susie B. Moore, over the Bay View Park Course. This race, mile heats, three in five, was originally intended to be run over the San Jose Course, in December last, for $500 a side, but the terrible storm caused its postponement until the present time, and the stake was increased to $3,000. At the time of the postponement another race was made, at mile heats, also for $1,500 a side, to be run ten days after the first one. The racing public is much divided as to the result of the coming race. Derringer is known to be surprisingly footy, but doubts are expressed as to his being able to run three bruising heats. The mare has never shown much speed in public, but her trials are said to have been such as have inspired her owners with confidence, and the fact of their matching her against a colt of such speed as Derringer would indicate that she is a good one. Racing men throughout the State are much interested in this race, the blood of two of California's most noted stallions being engaged—that of Owen Dale, through Susy, and Rifleman, through Derringer......A two mile heat trot, in harness, for $300, between Emigrant and Katy Tricks, was to have taken place on the Bay View Course on Jan. 24th......The Ocean Course has passed into the hands of Jas. L. Eoff, the well known trainer and driver.

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45-1tc Respectfully yours, M'LLE DEVERE.

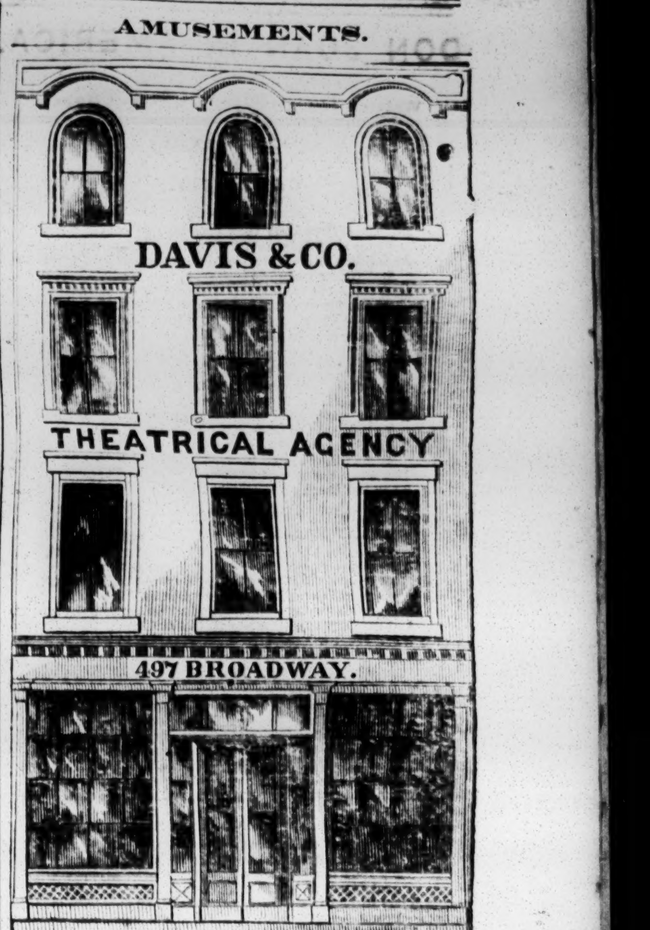
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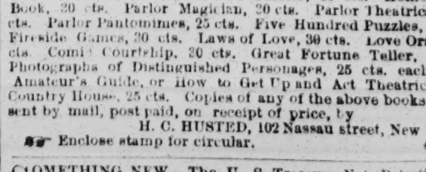
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Written Expressly for the N. Y. Clipper.

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CANTO III.

XXIII.

But down Broadway they marched before they went,
While kerchiefs waved from every open casement,
And ladies cheered the noble regiment,
And Biddy blessed them from the English basement.
And some old tradesmen who had never spent
A cent for charity, to the world's amazement
Unloosed their purse strings with a nervous hand
And gave a little gold to Fatherland.

XXIV.

Then at the last were partings, friend with friend,
And maidens' tears fell fast as summer rain;
For none could tell what doom the fates would send
To those about to seek the battle plain.
This of their short lived love might be the end,
And so they kissed their soldier boys again;
But when the sunset in the red west glowed
They left them on the Camden-Amboy Road.

XXV.

By morn the troops arrived in Washington;
They found the people there in great excitement,
All canvassing what Government had done;
For tho' none knew exactly what the fight meant,
They talked enough to win, could talk have won.
But at that time both North and South to fight meant,
And music of the chin was not in order
When rebel troops were on the Maryland border.

XXVI.

The large sized regiment whose quartermaster
Gives me the theme for my didactic verses,
Brought on itself a very sad disaster
Besides a host of threats and numerous curses;
The fact is that the men were somewhat faster
Than law allows, and (this offence still worse is)
They knocked some noisy Washingtonians down—
Hence they were quickly ordered from the town.

XXVII.

Near Alexandria they camped awhile,
And ate of hard tack the accustomed ration:
They took their "forty drops" in soldier style
And swallowed junk and viewed the situation;
They thought of women sometimes, and—you'll smile—
Don Juan really got up a flirtation
That ended in a manner so unusual
That it will not, by any means amuse you all.

XXVIII.

Before I tell this story I'll retard
The progress of my tale to let you know
That Juan was the man who found how hard
Tack could be much improved. He made a dough
By grinding up the crackers, added lard
Or pork fat, and then baked it crisp, and so
He formed a soldier's dish the name of which
I dare not give—it being most too rich.

XXIX.

Close by the camp there lived a glowing maid
Whose eighteen years of life had all been blest.
Grief never yet his iron hand had laid
Upon her head, and she was called the best
And prettiest girl whose charms were e'er displayed
On sacred soil; but in her gentle breast
No dart of cupid had as yet been fired,
Tho' many lovers to her hand aspired.

XXX.

Don Juan riding by her father's place
Stopped to obtain a cooling drink of milk,
And there he first espied a radiant face
And pleasing form, which, tho' not dressed in silk,
Looked nice in muslin, as is oft the case.
Miss Rose Brocade and others of her ilk
Should learn that costly dresses don't avail
In captivating any worthy male.

XXXI.

For never does a lady seem so sweet
As when arrayed in some light gauzy stuff
That sets her form off in a manner neat
And brings her bust—tho' not in *quantum suff*—
In view. When anwhere you chance to meet
A woman of this sort your heart's more tough
Than mine or Juan's if you do not feel
A queer sensation love alone can heal.

XXXII.

The milk the worthy Quartermaster drank,
And then he eyed the beauteous lady, who
Decided that he was a man of rank;
And tho' enrolled beneath red, white and blue,
She—tho' her papa owned a Southern bank—
Thought not the less of Juan; she was true
To that old flag that patriot sires bequeathed
To all who Freedom's choicer breezes breathed.

XXXIII.

The Don of course proved gallant and urbane—
This was his custom as you fully know.
His admiration tho' he did not feign,
For when the dark eyes and the bust of snow
Were visible, t' admire was duty plain.
How she behaved I don't remember now,
But when the bugles for tattoo were snarling
He kissed her twice, and said "good night, my darling."

XXXIV.

From that time Juan's visits frequent grew,
And Isabel (that was the lady's name)
Received him as a lover, and she flew
To meet him whenso'er he came.
From out her heart some secret thoughts he drew,
And oft she blushed, tho' it was not from shame;
While Juan thought of her with an affection
That seemed of his first love a resurrection.

XXXV.

At last she laid her head upon his breast,
And sighed and spoke some broken sentences
That appeared the very spirit of unrest;
And then she seemed, tho' not by words, to bless
Her lover, who with most unusual zest
Kissed her red lips, and did not fail to press
Her dainty hand that flutter'd like a bird
Which from its woody copse is frightened, stirr'd.

XXXVI.

And so my hero's wooing came to winning,
Tho' no priest did the marriage bonds impose;
This of Belle's young love was the sweet beginning—
The end; yes, that in time I must disclose.
I wish my hero was not given to sinning,
But then he is, as every reader knows;
Hence I'm compelled to change by some means magical
My airy style and to assume the tragical.

XXXVII.

Not yet, however. At the camp the days
Hung heavily, and men impatient quite
Were waiting for the slow, dull, plodding ways
Of those who managed the first Bull Run fight;
Each one was anxious for a chance to "blaze
Away," and put the Southerners to flight—
But Patterson and all the other generals
Preferred gold lace to lead—a choice in minerals.

XXXVIII.

So the sad weeks grew into months. July—
Midsummer—came and reigned with fiercer heat,
While the red sun up in the copper sky
Seemed blushing for the foes who would not meet;
And there was that great inactivity
Which doth in general forbode defeat,
When on the nineteenth by some queer improvement
In management we made a forward movement.

XXXIX.

Strike tents: pack up: how quick the orders came;
How ready were the soldiers to obey!
What strangely mingled dreams of home and fame
Came to their hearts upon that summer day!
Now was the time to die or make a name,
For fields of glory fresh before them lay.
Such were the thoughts of all the regiments
As they packed up their canvas shelter tents.

XL.

The haversacks were filled with extra rations,
And surplus suits of clothes were flung aside,
And ambulances took the surgeon's patients—
Such ones at least as were obliged to ride.
Then, with a last brief glance upon our nation's
Great Capitol, they started in their pride
Upon the march—alert, alive, awake,
They went to win, and Richmond was the stake.

XLI.

Don Juan was so very busy that
He scarce had time to bid his love farewell;
She'd heard the news and sad she grew thereat,
And when the good bye came her bright tears fell
Upon his breast. He pulled his army hat
Down o'er his face, for ('tis the truth I tell)
His own eyes moistened and he almost cried—
Perhaps he would had it not been for pride.

XLII.

The parting over, Juan seized his horse,
And vaulting to the saddle rode away;
And Bella's prayers went after him of course—
Prayers that the God of battles in the fray
Would save him in all danger by the force
Of that strong arm whose mighty motions sway
All earthly things—His arm who doth control
The destinies of body and of soul.

XLIII.

That first day's march was not a very long one,
But all the men were wearied out by night.
The first road taken proved to be the wrong one,
And much time was consumed to find the right.
Some passed the time in jokes and some in song. One
Young fellow wished the rebs. would heave in sight,
But the majority maintained great silence,
Thinking how blood might flow perhaps a mile hence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOING BACK TO THE OLD CRAFT.

An Autobiography.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY UNCLE JAMES.

It was not at all astonishing that I should enter on the life of an actor; my family traditions would have accounted for that. Then there was the frequency of my visits to the play house, united to a natural bias for the sort of thing, born of impulse and imagination; so that an actor I was determined to be, and an actor I *must* be.

It was unfortunate for me, so far as my success in the profession was concerned, that I should have commenced it when I stood quite alone in the world. My father died when I was only five years of age, my mother when I was fifteen. I had brothers and sisters, all older than I was, and they had gone into the big world. My mother continued an actress almost to the day of her death, just like my father had continued to be an actor, and left me a sort of claimant for work on the manager of the theatre where they had performed for many a year.

An orphan, I was taken into the concern for just what I could do. Half call boy and half gentleman supe, I earned the few shillings a week voughsafed to me every Saturday by the treasurer—hoping all the while that I might know preferment in the pursuit I had been bred to.

I had ambition, and that pointed to the performance of certain parts—those of young lovers included: and being of the opinion that I was a good looking, shapeable lad, I expected that some of them would fall to my lot. But I expected in vain. In the course of the four years I remained connected with the company, of which my poor father and mother had been great lights, many an opportunity I deemed rightfully mine was given to another, even younger than I, newer to the establishment and to the craft itself. I thought this strange and cruel, and I also began to think that managers and theatrical persons in general were a very aristocratic set of creatures, since it seemed that they depreciated me just because I had been left a helpless orphan at an early age. "Poor Mr. Grooves, and poor Mrs. Grooves!" (my father and mother, God bless them!) had often been mentioned; then it came to the turn of "Poor Jemmy Grooves" (your humble servant) with all the usual accompaniments of a grand pity. Oh, reader, avoid that adjective "poor" as you would a pestilence; let it be affixed as a common thing to any man, and it will be his enemy throughout life. Allow me just to tell you something that illustrated the rule by the contrary.

While I, "poor" Jemmy Grooves, was laboring, as I have said, for the opportunity I had a right to, there came to us a chuckleheaded fellow from a city town about a hundred miles off. He called himself a gentleman amateur—the same as my professional associates did. He had a good supply of money, several fine dresses, and a large amount of brass. I mean mental brass, or, as it is often called, "cheek." He was no beauty to look at, Heaven knows, and his manners and speech did not reflect considerable credit on the parties who had brought him up. He, however, prevailed upon the manager to allow him to enact some of Shakespeare's heroes, to the total exclusion, for the time being, of our first tragedian. Unfortunately for me, I was the subordinate of this man, who, too, taking the hint from the regulars of the company, called me "Poor Grooves."

This was a heavy mortification to me, but another was soon added in the coming to our theatre of a young fellow of about my age, quite ordinary in appearance and vulgar in speech and manners. The business he was engaged for was precisely the same as mine, but he got a better salary and better parts—this during the first season. It was better for him next, when the increase in his pay was considerable, and he jumped at once into the line of the second walking gentleman.

I stood this for a long time, but could stand it no longer, so entered into an engagement at another theatre, for better pay and better parts than I had as yet realized or acted. In my new position things went on well with me for a time, but I soon had cause for mortification again. Try what I could, I found it impossible to advance. I had expected that, once having emerged from utility, I should make short work with the line immediately above it—then be a dashing first walking gentleman—and then, before I was thirty, be the principal man in the concern. But alas! the old immobility surrounded me, and the old prefix of "poor" was applied to me. Poor once, it seemed I was to remain poor forever—to never know preferment, but to drag on a wearisome life of unchequered uniformity and obscurity. Oft have I pondered over the unhappiness of my lot, and compared myself to the emulous youth entering the British Navy in the warm expectation of attaining to the rank of admiral in a few years, but who was informed by one of the red-tapists, before whom he was brought, to look out for continuing to be a midshipman up to ninety. "Heaven only knows!" I often said to myself, in those days, "if matters continue as they are, I shall be a juvenile walking gentleman at a hundred!"

I tried other theatres with little success, and was close on thirty years of age when I found myself at no defined position at a beggarly salary. This would'nt do, I thought; there must be some change. And to come to the point at once, I made that change. A reporter was wanted on a newspaper published in the town where I then was. I offered myself for the vacant berth, was accepted, and continued in it a long time, though I did more than my predecessor had done, and got less pay—the latter, I presume, because my employers had heard my professional associates designate me as "*Poor* Grooves."

It was a great joy to me, that my new duties included the writing of dramatic criticisms. Through this, I had frequently to go to the theatre, to pass judgment on my old friends and many new faces beside. I was accounted a severe censor (I have known a score of disappointed actors who were the same), and it did my heart good to find fault with some of my former associates—the manager, in particular, who had paid me so poorly, and refused persistently to give me a chance of proving what I really could do. I still had a great love for the stage, and realized great pleasure from seeing plays acted. Nevertheless, I felt much happier in my new position than I would have felt in the one I had quitted. As a writer for a respectable newspaper, I was the full social equal of any actor; then the pay I received as either reporter or editor (I soon got up to the latter post), was more than threefold what it had been at the highest point I had ever attained in the histrionic art—such parts as Catesby in "Richard the Third," Salrnio in the "Merchant of Venice," and Rosencrantz in "Hamlet."

I married. She was a good, pretty creature I took to my home and heart, and she bore me beautiful children. Of her and them, more anon.

During the newspaper portion of my existence, I worked untiringly. I reported, I wrote editorials, poetry, criticisms and fiction. I wrote books also—all this up to the middle age. Then matters commenced to have a retrograde movement with me. Younger men became more desirable, and it didn't matter if they were flippant where I could be profound, ignorant where I was well posted. In the days of my youth and prime, "poor" had been the chilling word people applied to me; now it was "old." I considered the latter designation to be a gratuitous cavil, inasmuch as my faculties were as bright as ever, and more suited than ever, in unison with my long experience, for the editorial calling.

It is needless to linger over the subject. During each succeeding year out of the five since my depreciation had commenced, I found myself poorer than I had been the preceding, and to add to my unhappiness, my wife died—then my children, one by one, till I was a sad, lone man; a man who had tried two professions, being capable in each, and failed in both. Shall I look out for a third? What a question for a man verging on fifty to put to himself.

In my sad, cheerless room, I often pondered over the singular fatality of my lot. First an actor, but held back in that pursuit primarily because I was an orphan; then because people would insist on calling me "poor." Afterwards, a newspaper writer, and doing well at that for years, though coming to misfortune again because a few furrows showed about my eyes, and my hair was turning gray. Then I would think on what weighed far more heavily on my soul—the loss of my dear wife and children. Had they been spared to me I would have been anything, and what is more, happy.

I had come to what I conceived to be the lowest occupation in the literary profession I *could* come to—the writing of flash novels for a publisher whose place of business was in a cellar. He was an ignorant, money grubbing fellow, and the said cellar a spot where the wholesome air never came, nor cheerful thoughts. What with its vile atmosphere and the sense of the grade to which I had descended, I was getting to be thoroughly tired of my life.

The contemplation of how I was placed was too much for me, and I resolved there should be a change. I saw but one loophole of retreat. That was through my return to the stage—not, be it understood, to play utility business or third rate walking gentleman, and abide the time for preferment to a higher position; but on the contrary, to assume the characters I was fit for—those of the old men.

Under an assumed name, for I did not desire to be known as "Poor Grooves" again, I commenced negotiations with a manager at a considerable distance, and was so fortunate as to come to good terms with him. I was to be the principal old man, and an early date was mentioned for my first appearance at Mr. Speller's theatre.

I had retained doing my cessation from professional labors, several of what are technically called "props"—I mean the smaller details or aids of costume so necessary in the profession, such as boots and shoes, hats, feathers, gloves and swords. I had also retained two or three full suits of which I had been very proud in my day, under the delusion that they would serve me in Hamlet or Richard. They had been donned on particular occasions, but never for any characters that could compare with the above Shakespearean heroes. Now, the prospect was, they would have to be donned again for parts equally far removed from those of the crook-backed tyrant and melancholy Prince.

The turning over of these things was a process melancholy enough. None of them had I seen for years, some had remained hidden away for many, and all had only been preserved as relics of the craft I had followed. Now how different was it! For nearly twenty years a stranger to that craft, I was about to re-enter it—a man doubly baulked in ambition—a man terribly tried in his heart!

My resumption of the trade of an actor was associated with a circumstance it is only fit I should mention in this place—the coming to live in the place I went to, of a widowed sister of mine, some five years older than myself, whom I had not seen for a long time. By the will of her husband, recently deceased, she had come in for some property, and had fixed on the town in question as the future home of herself and children on account of some local advantages it presented to her, and without a thought of meeting me there. The merest accident in the world brought us together on the street; recognition followed quickly, then explanations. My sister invited me to her place, and there it was settled I should live too. Like myself, poor Lucy had come in for her share of this world's afflictions, and in kindly suggesting my location under her modest roof, said I would most likely feel better there than elsewhere—at least that I should find company in the "children."

I made my first appearance at Mr. Speller's Theatre as Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice," and what is more, in the very dress that in the days of my sanguine youth I had procured for Hamlet. It required a little taking in (for I had decreased somewhat in bulk since my younger days) and did exceedingly well. I made a good impression that night; the audience applauded me, the manager said some civil things, and the critics dealt liberally by me.

Other parts of the Antonio style followed, and I had every reason to believe that in these I confirmed the good effect I had first made. There was one of the critics who was exceedingly kind to me. He was of about my own age—a gentleman and a scholar—for which reasons I appreciated his good word very much. Many a time, while dilating on my particular points as an actor of old men's parts, he said something about what I probably had been as the personator of those of *young* men—even hinted my capacity at the mature age I had then attained of performing Hamlet better than many a present representative of it not much more than half my years.

As I have already said, I had taken pains to conceal my identity with the Grooves of former days—so successfully did I do this, that no person whatever had a thought that I was that individual. I, however, met several acquaintances of my former days—my original manager among the number, also the gentleman amateur who had paid us a visit while I was doing the utility business. The latter had succeeded to his father's land in the neighborhood of the place I lived in, was a bluff country gentleman and a liberal patronizer of the theatre. As for the manager, though retired from business, he occasionally came our way, and I remember one night when he was talking over old times with Mr. Speller, his sudden mention of me.

"By the by," said he, "did you ever come across Jemmy Grooves? His father and mother were with me for a long time, and were very clever persons. But they died early, and Jemmy being at the time a mere boy, he became a sort of protege of our theatre. He did the utility for a term; then left for another concern in a huff, I believe, because he did not jump to the Richards and Hamlets at once. I heard little of him after that—soon lost all track of him. Poor Grooves!"

Mr. Speller replied that he had never known the said Jemmy Grooves. The moment after I was called to go upon the stage.

That "Poor Grooves" seemed to stick to me through life. Well, God knows I had earned the title.

I am now verging on sixty and still retain my position in Mr. Speller's company. For Mr. S. himself I have great respect, for I have always found him what an actor and manager should be—frank, liberal and friendly. Meanwhile, I and my sister have been going down the hill, while her offspring have been ascending it. They have almost become like my own children to me, and they have learned to estimate me as their father—so they say. I have told my story to them, and if the present hearers experience a tithe of the gratification my young relatives have expressed in the recital, I shall be more than satisfied for telling it again.

TWO LADS OF THE "FANCY;"

OR,

The Prize Fight and the Fire.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY STOP-WATCH.

"A prize fight! and likely to come off in this neighborhood! I must see about this, and prevent the scandal if possible."

So spoke, with the accompaniments of a very red face and a pompous manner, an old gentleman known as Squire Maythorn, who was rich, and a county magistrate. He was one of those men whom it is plain to perceive has lived well, and who, it is equally obvious, may die suddenly. He had a bald, shiny head, big, staring-like eyes, a complexion in which "port wine" was written in legible characters, and a figure stout and lazy. His costume was that of the country gentleman of his time—a blue coat with gilt buttons, a white vest, yellow buckskin knee breeches and top boots.

"A prize fight!" echoed a young swell, who had been drawling out his nonsense to one of the Squire's daughters named Caroline, looking unutterable things at a fellow swell who was doing the glazing business to another of Maythorn's female offspring, whose baptismal register was Charlotte. The first of these human noodles was Fred. Fuller, the second, Ned Staggs, and they were both about as intellectual as the earth and the animals their paternal appellations suggested.

"Shocking! damnable!" responded Staggs, affectedly; "for two fellers to stand up in a ring, and there hammer away at each other till both are covered with blood and bruises—often grievously wounded, sometimes one of them killed!"

A small yell of horror was attendant on this climax, and then the ladies joined in the talk.

"It must be a terrible sight indeed," said Caroline; "and I think I should faint away were I compelled to be present, especially if either or both the combatants were handsome."

"Yes; so should I," quickly said Charlotte; "I should so lament to see a fine dark eye closed, or a noble Roman or Grecian nose flattened."

"And who are to be the fighters?" asked Fuller of the magistrate, seeing him put down the newspaper and preparing to depart.

"A stranger in these parts," he replied; "one Jem Roodly, *alias* Slapbang, and Bill Brewer."

"What! the butcher!

This was the simultaneous exclamation of the four younger persons in the room.

"The same," said the Squire, who thereafter made his exit from the apartment.

"Oh, I am sorry," exclaimed Caroline, who looked as though afflicted—a little.

"And so am I," chimed in Charlotte, whose "anguish" might have been somewhat deeper than her sister's; "for *he* is a handsome young man—there is no denying that."

The reader will probably like to know something about the two champions of muscle who were about to have a game at fisticuffs in the roped arena of twenty-four feet. To begin with Jem Roodly, he belonged to the metropolis, where he had been keeping a public house for some time. In the earlier part of his life he had been a sailor, noted for the quietness of his demeanor, his humanity and bravery. No man on board was more ready at his duty in calm, none so expert in the hour of storm. He had saved many a life in his time, and had received from the proper authority the specified rewards. As for Bill Brewer, he was the only son of a farmer who lived not far from Squire Maythorn. As it has been said, he was a butcher; he was also a neighbor of the old magistrate's, and had recently been married to a pretty, amiable young woman, for a time past the ladies' maid of the Misses M. He was renowned among his acquaintances for his strength, to which he conjoined the advantages accruing from the study of pugilism as a science. He had gained the acquaintance of Roodly, and the result had been a match to fight a prize battle at so much a side, according to the usual rules, and on such a day, at a place indicated, but to be hereafter decided on, just as prudence dictated.

Squire Maythorn, dead against the sort of thing as we have shown him to be, had made up his mind to stop the announced fight if he could. On leaving the house after the little talk we have reported, he hurried to some of his brother magistrates to consult with them on the point, and, chancing to meet Bill on the road, accosted him, but in a manner very different from his usual.

"So you are going to disturb the peace?" said he, "going to be a principal in a horrid, disgraceful prize fight. You won't do that in *my* district."

"Won't I?" calmly rejoined Bill.

"No, I'm d—— if you do," said the magistrate, coloring highly; "or if, by any contrivance, you succeed in so doing, I will put you in prison."

"Will you?" again rejoined Bill, as cool as a cucumber.

This added fury to the flame in the Squire's bosom and to the carnation in his countenance; and he went on his way as angry as he well could be.

The fight came off out of his district, and the authorities of the place where it did transpire being of a more liberal stripe than old Maythorn, no trouble followed it. Bill was the winner, but there was no decrease of friendship between him and Jem on that account. They parted with mutual respect, and each gave the other a cordial invitation to "drop in" whenever he passed that way.

About a month after this battle there was a fire at the Squire's, when, had it not been for the presence of mind and the gallantry of a certain person, both the Misses Maythorn would have perished in the flames. The two swells—Fuller and Stagg—who continued there on a visit, thinking of nobody save themselves, had managed to escape from the burning pile before the fire had attained to its strongest headway. So had the Squire, but he, missing his daughters, and knowing their peril, was almost frantic. He offered fabulous rewards for any bold spirit who would enter the blazing pile and rescue them—stamped upon the greensward, and tore his hair.

There was a gallant heart that responded to his appeal, and a strong arm that bore the shrieking girls to safety. That heart and that arm belonged to Bill Brewer!

We have little more to say. Bill refused all the money offered him by the Squire, and interrupted him in his flood of thanks by a cool observation.

"Well," said he, "it is lucky the fight didn't come off in *your* district. If it had, you would have had to send me to prison, Squire, and there I should have been at the time when I could have been useful elsewhere."

The old man saw the point, and from that day to the day of his death was of a more kindly disposition than he had ever been before.

And this (we mean Bill Brewer) was the man that two timid swells had spoken of as "horrible" and "damnable," just because he was somewhat of a prize fighter!

A "TIMBER HAT."—Somewhere about the year 1780 (so runs the tale), a traveling millwright—in those days the king of mechanics—footsore, and with the broadest Northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, a locality once indicative of field sports, but then the engine factory of Boulton & Watt, and he asked for work. His aspect was little better than one of "beggary and poor looks," and Mr. Boulton had bidden him God speed to some other workshop, when, as he was turning away sorrowfully, Mr. Boulton suddenly called him back and inquired:

"What kind of a hat have you on your head, my man?"

"It's just timber, sir."

"Timber, my man? Let's look at it? Where did you get it?"

"I just made it sir, my ain' sel."

"How did you make it?"

"I just turned it in the lathie."

"But it is oval, man; and a lathe turns things round?"

"Aweal! I just guar'd the lathie gang anither gait to please me. I'd a long journey afore me, and I thocht I'd have a hat to keep out the water; and I had na muckle siller to spare, and I just made ane."

By his inborn mechanism, the man had invented the oval lathe and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. He became a distinguished machinist.

CUFFEE'S BRILLIANT IDEA.—A week or ten days ago a stalwart darkey applied to the county clerk for a license to marry, which was promptly issued in due form by our affable clerk, and Nig. bowed himself out, hat in hand, the happiest darkey alive.

The circumstance had been forgotten by the clerk, when yesterday in walked the same darkey, with his hat under his arm, when the following conversation occurred:

Nig.—"Mr. Clerk, you 'member 'bout dem licenses?"

Clerk—"What license?"

Nig.—"Why dem what you give me for to marry."

Clerk—"No, I remember nothing of the kind. Did I issue you license to marry?"

Nig.—"Dat's it, Boss. Dat's it."

Clerk—"Well, what do you want?"

Nig.—"Why, I's tried dat 'oman and don't like her. I jist wants you to rub out her name in de licenses, and put in a nudder one."

Clerk—"Why, you rascal, didn't you marry the woman whose name I put on the license?"

Nig.—"Of course I did; but you see I keeps de licenses in my pocket all de time, so's I could change dem if dat one didn't suit—and she don't suit worf a cent!"

When the "man and brother" was assured that nothing could be done for him, he retired very much disgusted with "de Yankee way marryin' folks."

"BIG THING" FOR A SPORTSMAN.—The Winsted (Conn.) *Herald* is responsible for the following:—"A chap who was hunting in Canaan, a short time ago, saw a fox on the opposite side of Blackberry River, and drew a bead on him. Just as he pulled the trigger, a pound trout jumped out of the river, and the ball put a hole through him, and then through the fox, and then struck a bee tree, and out squirted a stream of strained honey as big as your finger. Wading up the river and picking up the trout and fox, our Nimrod hastened to the tree; while suddenly withdrawing his rammer to plug up the tree and stop the criminal waste of honey, he knocked over a rabbit and brace of partridges." It's a nice story, and as we have no time to look up the proof, why we suppose we will have to believe it.

JEMMY HIRST, THE RAWCLIFFE TANNER.

A Doncaster Eccentric and his Eccentricities.

Among the visitors to Doncaster (Eng.) racecourse, says a well-known English writer, are many of the lower grade, some of whom have contrived to get hanged. Such was the case some half century since with Daniel Dawson, who employed himself, or was employed by others, in poisoning with arsenic the drinking water of horses whose success in the future race was not desirable to Daniel or his patrons. Several steeds perished in this way at the hands of Daniel, in the north as well as at Newmarket. Ultimately a case from the latter locality was proved against him, through the treachery of a confederate, and Daniel suffered for it at Cambridge. Had he been a martyr in a good cause, he could not have died with more becomingness. Daniel complained of none, did not even reproach himself; and expressed his satisfactory conviction that he should certainly ascend to Heaven from the "drop." Brutal as his offence was, it seems ill-measured justice that takes a man's life for that of a beast.

Dawson is beyond our own recollection; but we can remember a more singlar and a much more honest fellow, whose appearance on the Doncaster course was as confidently looked for, and as ardently desired, as that of any of the Lords-Lieutenant of the various Ridings. We allude to the once famous Jemmy Hirst, the Rawcliffe tanner, whose last of about fifty visits to the "Sillinger" and "Coop" contests was made when he was hard upon ninety years of age. When Jemmy retired from the tanning business with means to set up as a gentleman, the first object he purchased was not a carriage, but a coffin, depositing therein some of the means whereby he kept himself alive, namely, his provisions. The walls of the room in which this lugubrious sideboard was erected were hung round with all sorts of rusty agricultural implements. This lord of a strange household retained a valet and a female "general servant." His stud consisted of mules, dogs and a bull; mounted on which he is said to have hunted with the Badsworth hounds. His most familiar friends were a tame fox and otter. He certainly rode the bull when he went out shooting, and was then accompanied by pigs as pointers. In fair time Hirst used to take this bull and a couple of its fellows to be baited, sitting proudly by himself while his valet went about collecting the "coppers." His waistcoat was a glossy garment made of the neck feathers of the drake, from the pocket of which he would issue his own bank notes, bearing responsibilities of payment to the amount of "*Five half-pence*."

His carriage was a sort of palanquin, carried aloft by high wheels, and its peculiarity was that there was not a nail about it. This vehicle was really better known at Doncaster than the stately carriage of Lord Fitzwilliam himself. It was the boast of the proud and dirty gentleman who sat enthroned there that he had never paid and never would pay any sort of tax to the King; and how he managed to shoot, as he did, without paying a license, was best known to himself. He was the most popular man on the course, and, unlike very many who began rich and ended poor, Jemmy increased in wealth year by year. He was wont to contrast himself with the "Prince's friend," Col. Mellish, who inherited an immense property, won two Legers in two consecutive years, 1804-5, and finally died almost a pauper. Jemmy had undoubtedly, in his view of things, done better than Col. Mellish; but the tanner, through life, never thought of the welfare of but one human being—that of James Hirst. He was as selfish as the butcher churchwarden of Doncaster, who ruined the grand old tower of the church by placing a hideous clockface in it, which was so constructed that no one could see the time by it except from the butcher's own door!

We should hardly render Hirst justice, however, if we omitted to state how such a great man departed from this earth. The folding doors of his old coffin were closed upon him. Eight buxom widows carried his corpse for a *honorarium* of half a crown each. Jemmy had expressed a desire to have eight old maids to undertake this service, bequeathing half a guinea to each as hire. But the ladies in question were not forthcoming. So the widows were engaged in their place; but why the fee was lowered we cannot tell, unless it was to pay for the bagpipe and fiddle which headed the procession. All the country round flocked in to do Jemmy honor or to enjoy the holiday; and for many a year afterwards might the sorrowing comment be heard on Doncaster Course: "Nay, lad! t'Coop-day seems nought loike wi'out Jemmy!" and the mourners took out his "Fihaw-pence notes," and compared their own touching respective memories of the departed glory of Doncaster.

At the close of Jemmy's career the wonderfully dressed "swell mob" was busiest, if not brightest. The latter was only short-lived. A party of them really dazzled common folk by the splendor of their turn out, both as regarded themselves and their equipage. People took them for foreign princes, or native nobility returned from foreign climes, and not yet familiarly known to the public. The impression did not last long. The well dressed, finely curled, highly scented, richly jeweled strangers, sauntering among the better known aristocracy, commenced a series of predatory operations which speedily brought them within the fastness of the town jail. No one who saw them there a day or two later, after seeing them on the course, will ever forget the sight and the strange contrast. Stripped of their finery, closely cropped, and clad in coarse flannel dresses, they might be seen seated at a board, with a hot lump of stony looking rice before them for a dinner.

Altogether, there was occasionally a very mixed society on and about the course: among the so-to-speak professional *habitues*, men who made a business of the pursuit there—who were actors rather than spectators, and all of whom disappeared without leaving a successor in his peculiar line—we may mention the old Duke of Leeds, redolent of port; the white faced Duke of Cleveland, "the Jesuit of the Ring;" P. W. Ridsale, ex-footman, then millionaire, finally pauper; blacksmith Richardson, who, shaking his head at "Leeds," would remark of himself, that sobriety alone had saved him from being hanged; Mr. Beardsworth, who had been originally a hackney coachman, then sporting his crimson liveries; Mr. Crook, who commenced life with a fish basket; and the well known son of the ostler of the Black Swan, in York, wearing diamond rings and pins, betting his thousands, and looking as cool the while as if he not only largely used the waters of Pactolus, but owned half the gold dust on its banks.

The two extremes of the official men as regarded rank, were, perhaps, Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Gully, the ex-pugilist. The former introduced, at Doncaster, the signal flag to regulate the "starts," and he founded the Bentinck Fund (with the money subscribed for a testimonial to himself), for the relief of decayed jockeys and trainers. The two men were equals in one respect, the coolness with which they either won or lost. They who remember the year when Petre's Matilda beat Gully's Mameluke, and who witnessed the event and its results, speak yet with a sort of pride of Gully's conduct. He had lost immensely; but he was the first man who appeared in the betting rooms to pay any one who had a bet registered against him; and he was the last man to leave, not retiring till he was satisfied that there did not remain a single claimant. He paid away a grand total on that occasion which, properly invested, would have set all the poor in Doncaster at ease forever.

WHAT HE DIED OF.—We overheard once the following dialogue between an alderman and an Irish shoplifter.

'What's gone of your husband, woman?"

"What's gone of him, yer honor? Faith and he's gone dead,"

"Ah! What did he die of?"

"Die of, yer honor; he died of a Friday."

"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?"

"Oh! what complaint, yer honor; faith an' it's himself that didn't get time to complain."

"Oh! oh! he died suddenly."

"Rather that way, yer honor."

"Did he fall in a fit?"

No answer.

"He fell down in a fit, perhaps?"

"A fit, yer honor! why no, not exactly that. He fell out of a window, or thro' a cellar door—I don't know what they call it."

"Ay! ay! and broke his neck?"

"No, not quite that, yer worship."

"What, then?"

"There was a bit o' string, or that like, and it throttled poor Mike."

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A short time ago an inhabitant of Nantes, who was supposed to be dead, was placed in his coffin for interment, but he suddenly gave signs of life on hearing the prayers for the dead chanted, having been simply in a trance, and finally recovered. This happy recovery led to a lawsuit of a singular character; for the ex-deceased, after having received the sincere felicitations of his friends, and the extra sincere ones of his heirs, was presented by the cure who superintended the funeral ceremony with a demand of 219 francs, for the expenses of the funeral. The resuscitated gentleman, considering it rather hard to pay such a sum for a funeral which did not take place, refused to honor the cure's bill, on the ground that he had not been buried, and that if the cure thought he had, he had better apply to those who had commanded the ceremony. The cure on the other hand declares that if the interment had not taken place it was not his fault, and that, therefore, as he had prepared all matters necessary for its proper execution, he should persist in his demand. The action was brought, and the priest lost.

NOVEL CANINE CONTROVERSY AT LOUISVILLE, KY.—Our correspondent, H. J. S., sends the following under date of Jan. 28: "There was a very amusing dog fight here this noon. Hen Helmerking, better known as the 'Fish Eyed Butcher,' came to headquarters and challenged any cross eyed butcher's dog in Louisville to fight for $25 a side, and him to make the rules to fight by, and give or take 20 lbs., to come off in two days, which was accepted by W. Herman, with his dog; weight, 47 lbs; Fish Eye's dog being but 30 lbs. The fight came off Jan. 28, after a great deal of walking for a good spot of ground. An old pen was finally selected for the fray, and the rules were: 1st. Each man to swear his dog is not poisoned; 2d. Each man to lead his dog around the pit eight times; 3d. Both dogs to be thrown on top of the other; 4th. If any dog is laying down, he is to be raised up immediately; 5th. Neither dog to take a tail hold; 6th. Both dogs to fight with their collars and chains on; 7th and last. Any man to take his dog away and wash him when he is hurt. After fighting sixteen minutes, according to the 'New Rules,' the Fish Eyed dog was declared the winner. The dispute is said to have made a good deal of fun for the butcher boys who 'kill for Keyser.'"

MUSCULAR POWER OF THE BEETLE.—A learned professor writes:—"This insect has just astonished me by its vast strength of body. Every one who has had the common beetle in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful, but I was not prepared for so Sampsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it till I could kill it, but a quart bottle full of milk being on the smooth table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow of the bottom allowing him to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly and glide along the table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it really moved a weight 112 times its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be placed under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000lb, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within."

UP IN HIS CATECHISM.—A drunken fellow had wandered into a Sunday school, and taken a seat among primer scholars, when the teacher accosted him with:—"Why James, do you know what condition you are in?" "Yes m'm; in th' gall of bit'ness, 'n the bonds 'f 'niquity. *Ask me some hard quesh'ns.*"

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN PORTLAND, ME.—Eight illegitimate children have been recently born or are about to be launched into life at the Alms House in Portland.

A FALLEN STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY A STROLLING PLAYER.

Faith and beauty, and man's art
Wrought her shame and broke her heart;
She was once a little child,
Happy and all undefiled.

Once a mother wreathed her arms
Round her, with her holy charms;
Oft with kisses sanctified
Those pale lips, but soon she died.

Then the child in loneliness,
Yearning for a fond caress,
Listened to the tempter's word
Till her tender heart was stirred.

And thro' love and faith she fell,
"Loved not wisely, but too well."
Shame and sorrow then she learned,
And by all was fiercely spurned.

Blessed Saviour, what said HE—
"Neither do I condemn thee."
Sad one, nobly thy cross bear,
And a crown thou soon wilt wear.

SPORT IN ALBANY.

Pig Chase and What Came of it.

A correspondent in Albany sends us the annexed report of an exciting affair which came off in that city on Jan. 28th:—

"It may not be extensively known in the great metropolis, but it is nevertheless true, that here, at the head of navigation, at the capital of the Empire State, (where once a year the united wisdom, respectability and talent of this Commonwealth meet to take care of the interests of the State at large, and the City of New York especially), there is a Central Park. It is true that our Park is not studded with statuary, but it is thronged daily with flesh and blood figures of femininity better adapted to all practical purposes than all the marble statues which line the avenues and look coldly on the visitants of your boasted 'Central.'

"And we are slightly ahead of your citizens in the novelty of our exhibitions. For instance—On Monday last, Jan. 28, we got up a pig race in our Park. I say *we*, although the credit chiefly belongs to John Flynn, Aleck. Maguire, W. Ensign, John and Charles Ostram, and Yank Ryan, of Albany, Thomas D. Wills and Jo. Cook, of New York; and especially to Bob Bullis, who contracted for, and captured the pig for the occasion. The day was all that the spectators or the pig could have wished for—delightfully cool and pleasant—perhaps a little too *cool* to be *pleasant* for the pig, who was closely shorn and wore nothing but a coat of grease to shield him from the nipping and biting air. The crowd was immense—awfully immense. It was conceded that one half of Albany, two thirds of Troy, and all of Greenbush was on the river. It was emphatically 'a big thing on ice.'

"At the hour appointed the animile was ushered into the ring by the Committee of Arrangements; John Flynn at the head, and Bob Bullis at the tail—the tail of the pig. Considerable difficulty occurred in getting off, the crowd being more *hoggish* than the pig, and pressing tumultuously on the course. After a while, however, the porker got a start, and was greeted by such a shout as has not been heard since the blowing down of the walls of Jericho. But I regret to say that the sport came to a premature close by the persistent efforts of the multitude to encroach upon the track, whereat the swine became disgusted and made a straight wake for a snow bank, upon which were gathered *almost* all the youth, beauty and chastity of the city. What a scattering was there, my countrymen! Crinoline and comforters, bosoms and balmorals, hoop skirts, hoods and hosiery were all precipitated into a screaming, scrambling and scratching mass. Fortunately the shower of snow thrown up by the pig and his pursuers concealed from curious eyes the *unmentionable* developments which a fairer day and race might have exposed to the vulgar gaze. Of course, after such a catastrophe, the pig was drawn and quartered—that is *drawn* from the ice and quartered in Lawrence's back store.

"And Bob Bullis, he swears by his cleaver and knife,
That he never saw *such* a mean crowd in his life;
But he promises, yet, to get up something nice
In the shape of a shaved and greased pig on the ice."

BORN TO GOOD LUCK.—That fortunate individual who won Crosby's Opera House seems to have been born to good luck, judging from this appended biography from a Western paper:—Lee, the fortunate hewer of wood (for what we know) and drawer of Opera Houses, was brought into this world under a lucky star. If some children are born with a silver spoon in the mouth, Lee must have been born with a whole set of silver clutched tightly between his gums. Luck was his "best holt" from childhood's hour. At school he won all his schoolmates' marbles, he escaped deserved whippings when other boys were thrashed within an inch of their lives, he had the prettiest girl for a sweetheart, and he never caught the measles. He got a "reward of merit" when he ought to have got a licking, the girls used to bring him big apples, the boys loaned him their skates and forgot to ask for them again, he took the first prize for speaking when he was so hoarse that he could hardly speak, he never tore his trousers, he never got bit by a dog when stealing apples, never fell through the ice, never "split down," never got spoken to in meeting, though he was more mischievous than those who did, never lost his jack-knife, never got caught out in the rain, never had to saw wood, never had to sleep alone, never had to drive the cows, and never had to milk. When he grew up, he invariably beat at euchre for the drinks, and won the turkey in a raffle. He escaped paying income tax, never belonged to a fire company, had no poor relations (having buried them all in his youth), never had to sit on a jury, wasn't bored with funerals or comic lectures, wasn't called upon by women with subscription papers, or by men canvassing for new works; never had a tooth-ache, was always from home when people came to dun, missed trains that ran off the track, didn't have any cross babies, didn't have to "train," was never called upon to make a speech, and only bought one ticket in a gift enterprise. When, therefore, Lee awoke one morning and found that he had drawn the Crosby Opera House, it didn't astonish him in the least. He was used to good luck—never had anything else. He ate his breakfast as calmly as ever, and did his "chores" as though nothing unusual had happened. Other people, who never had any luck, might get excited over it, but not so Lee. A long familiarity with good luck had taught him to receive the smiles of fortune without a perceptible emotion. So little was he affected that the little circumstance of having drawn the great prize escaped his mind altogether, and he forgot to go to Chicago and claim it for a few days, although Mr. Crosby was impatient to hand it over to him. Fortunate and imperturbable Lee!

MERCIFUL, BUT IS IT JUST?—Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, has granted a pardon to Mollie Trussell, alias Mary Cosgraff, for killing George Trussell, her paramour, in Chicago, a short time ago. She has been in prison just one month.

HIGH PRICE FOR A SHIRT.—A man has offered Opera House Lee $500 for the "long-tailed night shirt" he wore when he got the news.

SPORTS ABROAD.

DEATH OF BOB SMITH, THE FIGHTING DARKEY.

This noted pugilist breathed his last on Saturday night, Jan. 19, at Liverpool, his disease being that of consumption; he had been ailing ever since his contest with Harry Allen, whom he fought at the point of Ayr, the severity of the weather at the time setting the seeds of the disease that terminated the career of the gallant Tom Sayers. Bob Smith, or Robert Delaney, as he at times acknowledged himself, came originally from Baltimore, Md., according to his own statement, and made his first appearance in Liverpool with the celebrated menagerie of Mr. Manders, exactly five years ago, acting in the capacity of keeper of the beasts exhibited therein. On his arrival in the town he visited the noted hostelry of Jem Clark, the Houghton Abbey, and from his cleanly and smart appearance he found a friend who stuck to him from that time to his latest hour, and to his credit, be it said, he has always esteemed the many favors shown him by his patron, Jem Clark; and his friends, judging from his appearance that he might make a figure in the ring, matched him for a small stake to contest with a gigantic fellow yclept "The Greyhound," of Liverpool, whom Bob easily ran out in seven rounds, lasting fourteen minutes, thus scoring a maiden victory. His mentor, Clark, then matched him with Harry Burgess, for £25 a side, whom he defeated; his next match was with Harry Allen, for £30 a side, scoring another win. Harry not being satisfied, met the gallant Bob in London soon after for £50 a side, but again had to succumb. The vendetta ran in the blood of the Allens, and Tom (now matched with Goss) having had a few words, challenged the Black to meet him at Fiddler's Ferry, where Tom not only got a good thrashing in a fight lasting over two hours, but became the means of adding the sum of £10 to the poor darkey's exchequer. Since then Bob's illness became so manifest that no business was thought of. He became a member of Chucky Harris' sparring company, with whom he remained some time, his principal opponent being Ned O'Baldwin, the present candidate for the championship. He returned to Liverpool two years since, completely prostrated with his disease, and whilst walking through the town during the last twelve months, many a kind word has been spoken to poor Bob, many a helping hand held out to him, the principal being his first firm and staunch friend, Jem Clark, and another, who would, if gold could have alleviated his sufferings, willingly have poured some from his well filled coffers to one whom he delighted to call the "Black Prince." Poor Bob is deeply lamented by the whole of the Liverpool sportsmen. Had he maintained his health, from his well known gameness and skill there can be no doubt that no man in the world could have defeated him at 10st 8lb. He had reached the age of twenty-six, bronchitis at last putting the finishing stroke on one who promised a more brilliant career. During his entire illness he never (to the credit of his friends) wanted for anything, and died peaceably at a quarter past eight P. M., on the 19th ult. He was buried Tuesday, Jan. 22, his funeral obsequies being managed by his friend Clark, who provided mourning coaches to carry his remains from his lodgings in Jubilee street to his last resting place at Anfield Cemetery.

[Like the majority of "colored gemmen," Bob was quite conceited, and in his own estimation a long way ahead of the "white trash." In England the blacks and whites marry and are given in marriage, Bob Travers, Kangaroo, Plantagenet Green, and others having quite respectable and not bad-looking wives, the first named being the legitimate father of several little pickaninnies with woolly heads and brown faces. Smith, though a good fighter, was a very gallus Moke, and stood on his dignity. Hundreds of Americans who have visited Liverpool will remember him when they read this. *Requiescat*, colored gemman.]

FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE.—We regret to add to the obituary of Birmingham pugilists in recording the demise of George Terry, a brother of the renowned Ben. His last engagement in the P. R. was with "Screw," a most determined bruiser, which unfortunately resulted in his death. This *contretemps* appears to have preyed upon the mind of George, who could never again be induced to enter the ring. The deceased has left a wife and five children in very needy circumstances, which is the case in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred with this class of men, and we suppose always will be.

THE RING.

Canine Tattersalls,



32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

HARRY JENNINGS desires to inform the sporting public that he now devotes his whole attention to the Breeding, Raising and Training of Dogs, together with buying and selling, having enlarged his establishment, and has always on hand an assortment of NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS, POINTERS, SETTERS, SPANIELS, SCOTCH, SKYE, and BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS, together with a large quantity of Imported and Native stock of BULL TERRIERS, warranted fit to contend against anything in the United States, their weight averaging from ten pounds and upwards.

Dogs prepared for matches and sold after winning, or no sale. Orders punctually attended to, and Dogs sent to any part of the United States. Dogs cured of all diseases. PATENT MAGIC FLEA SOAP, 50 cents per box, or $3.60 per dozen.
ALL DOGS WARRANTED. 37-tf

Boxing Gloves for Sale.--The Veteran Master of Ceremonies, OLD BILL TOVEE, will send, on receipt of $5, per express, a superior set of BOXING GLOVES to any State in the Union. Gloves cleaned and repaired.
THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE taught by Mr. TOVEE, either at his own or the pupil's residence, on reasonable terms.
WILLIAM TOVEE,
Myrtle Avenue Plank Road, Bushwick, Brooklyn, L. I.
P. O. Address, Box 356, Brooklyn.
The De Kalb Avenue Cars, Fulton Ferry, take you to the old gentleman's residence.

Eagle Shades, 223 Centre Street, 223
One door from Grand St, IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor.
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Sam Turner, the Great Canine Medico,
LICENSED DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF CHOICE IMPORTED DOGS, has recently opened his Spacious Repository, the largest and best constructed in the United States, where he has upwards of 300 dogs which are on view and offered to the public for sale. The Repository will be open from 9 A. M., until 6 P.M., where ladies and gentlemen wishing to purchase Dogs will always find Mr. T., in attendance.

☞ Stock Dogs of the choicest breed always on hand. Dogs bought and sold on commission, and boarded for any term, also trained on the lowest terms, and treated for all kinds of diseases. Mr. Turner is also prepared to forward medicine to all parts of the United States on receipt of one dollar. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing Dogs can have them forwarded to all parts of the United States in perfect safety and may rely with confidence on their orders meeting with the same attention as if they were there personally to select for themselves. Parties feeling dissatisfied can return the Dog or Dogs, and have them exchanged. All Dogs sold at this Establishment warranted. Address
S. TURNER, Union House, 52 Portland st.,
43-6t* and at Office, 119 Haverhill st., Boston, Mass.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB'RY 12.—Race Bolster and Billy Warburton, at catch weight, for $300 a side.
MARCH 19.—Tom Kelly and Bill Parkinson, 8st., $500 a side.
APRIL 9.—George Rooke and Chas. Collins, 10st. 10lbs., $500 a side.
11.—Tommy Chandler and Dooney Harris, 9st. 12lbs., $2,500 a side in gold.

BILL DAVIS TO MIKE McCOOLE.

HE WILL FIGHT McCOOLE FOR $1,000 A SIDE AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA,

OR ANY OTHER MAN BREATHING FOR A LIKE AMOUNT.

The California Champion, not to be stalled off or set aside, is out again with a challenge which bars neither age, size, weight nor color. His recent victory over Ned Burnett near New Orleans has been the means of getting him new friends, and determined to find out whether there is any more fight in McCoole, or whether he has retired for ever because he happened to catch Davis out of condition, as the latter asserts he was, "or McCoole would never be where he is to-day," he now comes out flat-footed and insists on McCoole giving him a fight or publicly declaring himself retired—when, if accepted, he will put up at once, and if rejected, any other man may be on at the same terms. Here is Davis' challenge:

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 1st, 1867.

FRIEND QUEEN:—Not satisfied with my late fight with Michael McCoole, I hereby challenge the said McCoole to fight me a fair stand up fight for the sum of one thousand dollars a side and the Championship of America, the time and place to be mutually agreed upon, although, as McCoole is better acquainted in New Orleans than I am, I can see no good or justifiable reason why he should not be willing to meet me as above; but, if he will not do that, to show how anxious I am to fight the said McCoole *above all others*, I will agree to almost anything to get on a match. If McCoole accepts—and I sincerely hope he may—he can send on a deposit to the CLIPPER office and articles to me, and I will be proud to hear that he is not going to retire on such a flimsy pretext as his late victory. Had I been the winner, McCoole would not have had to ask me twice to give him an opportunity to get even, and unless he grants a defeated man the same privilege, I cannot see why he should boast of anything. I shall expect either to hear of his acceptance of this challenge or of his retirement, over his own signature.

In case McCoole does not accept this offer, I stand ready to make a match with any man in the country for a like amount and like conditions. This will give my late opponent, Ned Burnett, an opportunity to get satisfaction, as I understand he is not content with his last fight. Should McCoole respond, this will not interfere with a match between Burnett and myself, as I am anxious for another chance to prove whether it was hard hitting or money (as some ignorant penny-a-liners have asserted) which won the fight. Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM M. DAVIS, Kidder's Saloon,
Corner Gravier and St. Charles sts.

Davis has forwarded a small deposit to show his earnestness, and, unless McCoole has retired, we may expect to hear from him soon. What has McCoole to say?

THE GREAT $5,000 MATCH BETWEEN HARRIS AND CHANDLER.—Our readers experienced considerable mental relief after seeing last week's CLIPPER, containing the articles of the great $2,500 a side, in gold, match, between William Harris and Thos. Chandler. The telegram sent to one of our dailies to the effect that they had been matched to fight in thirty days' time, was swallowed as the "gospel truth" by some, but not by the initiated ones, who knew Dooney too well to think for a moment he would be led, coaxed or badgered into making a match at such short notice for so much coin. When Dooney fights for money, and nobody could ever get him to fight for fun, he is in no hurry about it—he likes the dollars, and when it comes to gold instead of greenbacks, and $5,000 at that, the "ould fellow" isn't going to throw a chance away, depend upon it. His head is pretty clear, and what he may lack in a classical education, is made up in natural cunning, being brought up in a good school. The news of the match, for which all are indebted to the CLIPPER, made a heap of bar-room talk, but Dooney's partizans shook their heads and thought "they would'nt let the old fellow win." They are satisfied he will try hard for it, and if he comes out O. K., it will be considered by the aforesaid friends of Dooney as being snatched from the lion's mouth. This talk of not getting a show is a bug-bear, to say the least, and is always brought up whenever any important match is on the *tapis*. From what we know of Tommy Chandler, he is as anxious for the fight to be decided on the merits of the men alone as Harris is, and it is all moonshine to think that Dooney won't get fair play when big sporting men in California put up for him—they are no fools to throw away money without seeing a chance to win, and in our opinion Harris will have as good a chance to win, if he can, as others who have gone from New York and fought old residents of California. It is likely that some few now in New York will be in California about that time, if talk amounts to anything. The betting here will also be almost as lively as out there, many looking upon Dooney as invincible. Chandler is well known to the old rounders, and they'll go their stamps on him. There's plenty of time between now and the 11th of April to start the ball.

MCLAIN AND KERRIGAN'S NEWARK BENEFIT.—Tuesday evening, Feb. 12th, let it be remembered, Billy McLain, one of our cleverest sparrers for big men, and Dan Kerrigan, ex-champion of the middle weights, have their joint benefit at Dramatic Hall, Newark, N. J. The near proximity to New York should insure a good attendance of the "representative men" of the Empire City. We have been given to understand that Joe Coburn and Jim Dunn are to appear, and if so Dramatic Hall will hardly be large enough to hold the people. Billy and Dan are a strong team in themselves, and with the assistance they will receive from local and suburban talent, should be well patronized. Half a dollar is all that is asked to see the sport and no real sport will keep away on account of the admission fee.

ANOTHER CLIPPER SHADES.—Martin Garrity has opened a sporting house at No. 24½ Market st., Portsmouth, N. H., and christened it the "Clipper Shades." His bar is well stocked, and he has a portrait gallery, and a room where lovers of good singing can assemble twice a week and pass away a pleasant hour.

ON THE WING.—Jim Turner, the light-weight boxer, who made such a good fight with Jim Frawley, is enjoying himself and seeing the country. He has been all through the West, and at last accounts was in the Crescent City, where sporting matters were very dull, although they have been lively enough for the past year or so.

THE FEATHER WEIGHT MATCH.—Tom Kelly and Bill Parkinson, residents of the Keystone State, continue to make good their instalments from time to time, and the third hundred from each must be in hand by Tuesday, the 19th inst. This match arose out of the Collyer and McGlade fight, and was made at Joe Lawrence's, in Harrisburg, at whose house the final preliminaries have to be arranged. Both lads are in training for the event, and will no doubt each have a benefit before the fight.

SPARRING BENEFIT FOR TOM KELLY.—This young fellow, at present matched with Bill Parkinson, is announced as being up for a benefit at Franklin Hall, 6th street, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., when the Light-Weight Champion, Sam Collyer, and Kelly are to give the wind-up. This alone should fill the hall, and Tom is lucky in securing Sam's services for that occasion. We are promised an account of the same.

DOING THE RIGHT THING.—Respecting the misunderstanding between Harry Jennings and P. Brennan, about some dogs that came from England, which Jennings acknowledged receiving, a friend of Evans', (the party who sent them,) has been to Harry about the last dog, viz., the red and white dog, Crib, about a 23lb dog, and wishes him to give this dog Crib to Patrick Brennan, as he was given to him (Jennings) by mistake, having been sent him in lieu of the first dog, Badger—that it so happened both Jennings and Brennan had sent their money for. The dog will therefore be delivered on receipt of his passage to Boston, by Harry Jennings, who paid the expenses of the trip.

THOSE T's.—Two terribly tired travelers toiled through tangled thickets, thickly thorned, towards the Taliturn turnpike, telling touching tales, theoretically told, to those that thought themselves thoroughly theoretical tacticians. Therefore, the throng that threw themselves thickening thitherward thought them Thespians. Thraso-like they thundered thrasonically their thriftless threnodies. Thirsty, they tippled together. Their tractability told them tolerably tolerant. Their tortuosity, too, transfigured the Talitans timorously. The tokay that they took, trying the tavern table, told terribly—tinting, tinging, troubling their thoughts—till their tintinnabulary tones tortured the tired townsmen; they thereupon thrashed the tipsy tironian tyros through the town. Two trashy trappers, tugging two terrible trydactile tigers, took three triennial tulips to the theological teachers there, telling them that theorems theoretically treated tended toward tiring the too thoughtful theologians; that, therefore, theology thetically tinctured thoroughly throttled the thin thests that theophany throws theurgy to the thoughtless. Their tedious trifling teased the teachers terribly, though their theories taxed their theosophy throughout, therefore the turnkey took the two to the trap. The tailor trimmed them tastefully, their testimony taken tachigraphically taborer tabooed them, till their taciturnity turned to the tallest talking. The tagrag thronged the taphouse talking theatrically. The tavern thronged, the town tattlers told tautological tales, ten times tensible, tense, terse, thickly tinged, titilating, tissued to tickle the thoughtless. The theatre took—"The Tempter's Toils" threw the theatre-tending town to transcendentalism. Thus the Talitan turnpike tale terminates. Toll the tocsin! tell the treason! theological Talitan taken theatrically! Tacitly taking the tale that the T's tell, thoroughly tried, Tottotethius turns triumphantly to the telic T.

COCKING VS. LEGISLATON.—Some wag played a good joke on the members of the Kentucky Legislature, in making them believe that a bill that had passed the lower house for the encouragement of the production of chickens and eggs was really designed for the establishment of a cock-pit in Louisville.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Accept our thanks for the contributions; would copy a portion of your letter if we had room.

JAMES PATTERSON.—The same to you, in both respects. Forward us "*Finis Coronat*" as soon as perfected. Indicate the channel through which the chessmen shall be sent to you. Accept our congratulations on your well won victory.

THEO. M. BROWN.—Received, with many thanks.

J. C. ROMEYN.—Solution received; thank you for your pains.

OUR TOURNEY COMMITTEE will severally please accept our thanks in acknowledgment of the very acceptable service rendered us at our request.

J. D. JANVIER.—Allow us to ask for your "counterfeit presentment," as a memento of this pleasant event.

ROBERT DENTON.—Thanks for your kind and welcome attention.

The Chessmen Tourney.

JAMES PATTERSON, VICTOR.

The results of our late little Tourney, though not quite all we had hoped in quantity, nor up to the mark in soundness, was yet a more than medium success. The positions we are about to name will always rank as fine ones in the role of American productions. In the whole, 21 positions were sent us, 4 being afterwards withdrawn. One sett was not completed, leaving us really 8 setts, 16 competitors. Nos. 2, 9, and 12 were, on publication, found faulty. This is the main point of regret; for these three were eminently the ones to contest the honors with the ultimate victors. No. 6 is pronounced a plagiarism, and Nos. 1 and 8 are not sufficiently original to escape remark. On No. 12 being thrown out, three members of the committee agreed on No. 11, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat,*" for Prize bearer; the other voting for No. 10. Two awarded No. 10, "*Nunc est Bibendum,*" (Yes! we'll take that drink,) by Theo. M. Brown, 2d honors, one voting for No. 3, and one for No. 17. HONORABLE MENTION.—The following get the necessary votes:—No. 3, "*Peu e' Peu,*" by Geo. Groves; No. 5, "*There's the Rub,*" by Jacob Elson; No. 17, "*Medio Autissimus ibis,*" by Geo. E. Carpenter; and noticeable for its *very* quaint idea, No. 15, "*Vive la Cavalerie,*" by S. V. R. Buckbee. Of all the gentlemen especially honoring us with competition, as well as all problematists, we solicit continued friendship and frequent contributions. Next lesson, next time.

Enigma No. 566.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY THE LATE GEO. N. CHENEY.

at Q Kt 2, her 4, Q B 3, K B 4th.

at his 8, Q B 5, K 6, K 7, K B 6, K Kt 5th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

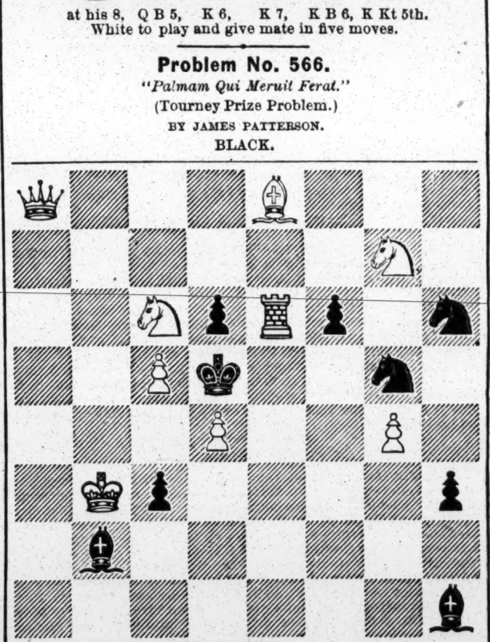
Problem No. 566.

"*Palmam Qui Meruit Ferat.*"

(Tourney Prize Problem.)

BY JAMES PATTERSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 564.

Partie in a recent match between Mr. Steele and the Rev. J Owen.—*Loewenthal's Magazine.*

THE FIANCHETTO.

Attack, Mr. Steele.	Defence, Rev. J. Owen.	Attack, Mr. Steele.	Defence, Rev. J. Owen.
1..P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3	19..Q B × Kt	K B × B
2..P–Q 4	Q B–Kt 2	20..B × Q Kt +	K × K B
3..K B–Q 3	P–K 3	21..K Kt–Q 4 +	K–his B 2
4..Q B–K 3	K Kt–B 3	22..Q–K R 5 +	K–Kt sq
5..Q Kt–Q 2	P–Q B 4	23..K Kt–K 6	Q–K sq
6..K Kt–B 3 (a)	P–B 5 (b)	24..Q–K Kt 4	Q–her 2
7..K B × P	K Kt × P	25..Q–K R 5	K R–B 2
8..Castles	K Kt–B 3	26..P–K B 4	K P × P
9..K B–Q 3	K B–K 2	27..Q R–Q sq	Q R–K sq
10..P–Q B 4	P–Q 3	28..K Kt–B 7 (d)	K B–Q 5 +
11..Q–K 2	Q Kt–Q 2	29..K–his B sq	Q R × R +
12..K R–K sq	Castles	30..Q R × R	K B–K 6 (e)
13..Q B–Kt 5	Q R–B sq	31..K Kt–K 6	K B × Kt
14..P–Q 5	Q Kt–B 4	32..Kt–his 5	Q × Q
15..Q P × P	B P × P	33..Q R–K 8 +	R–K B sq
16..K B–B 2	P–K 4	34..Q R × R +	K × Q R
17..P–Q Kt 4 (c)	Q Kt–K 3	35..K Kt × Q	K B × Kt P,
18..K B–his 5	K–his B 2		and Mr. Owen wins.

(a) 6..P to Q B 3d would have been stronger.
(b) Taking prompt advantage of his opportunity.
(c) A little premature; Kt to Q 4th was surely better.
(d) Well conceived; but, unfortunately, unsound.
(e) Could also have won by exchanging Queens.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 42.---Vol. XIV.

Between "Uncle Ned," of Brooklyn, and "Permanent Green."

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. U. N.	White. P. G.	Black. U. N.	White. P. G.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	13..11 to 15	19 to 10
2..15 22	25 18	14.. 2 6	32 27
3.. 8 11	29 25	15.. 6 15	26 22
4.. 4 8	24 20	16.. 7 11	14 10 (b)
5..10 15	18 14	17..12 16	31 26
6.. 9 18	23 14	18..16 19	21 17
7.. 6 9	26 23	19.. 5 9	17 14
8.. 9 18	23 14	20..19 24	14 5
9..15 18	27 24	21..24 31	10 6 (c)
10..11 15	24 19	22.. 1 10	5 1
11..15 24	28 19	23..18	23, and wins.
12.. 8 11	31 26 (a)		

(a) If any excuse could be framed for this miserable move, P. G. would be entitled to sympathy. (b) He has nothing stronger. (c) Child's play.

Solution of Position No. 75.--Vol. XIV.

BY "THE MAN THAT MADE THE BOARD."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 6 to 1	13 to 6	3..3 to 7, and wins.	
2..16 11	15 8		

Solution of Position No. 77.--Vol. XIV.

BY A LOOKER ON.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..27 to 24	20 to 27	3..32 to 23	19 to 26
2..28 32	7 16	4..30	23, and wins.

Solution of Position No. 78.--Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

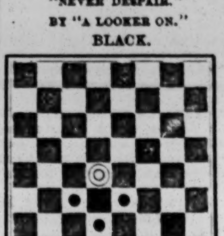
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..19 to 15	12 to 19	3..15 to 11, and wins.	
2.. 2 6	9 13		

Position No. 79, Vol. XIV.

"NEVER DESPAIR."

BY "A LOOKER ON."

BLACK.



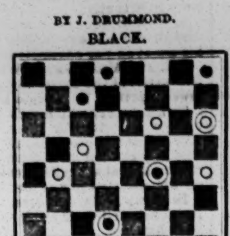
WHITE.

Black to move and capture all the White pieces in nine of his own moves.

Position No. 80, Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

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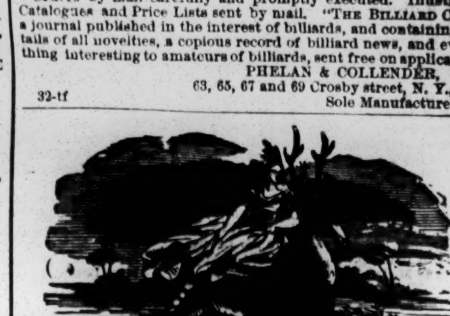
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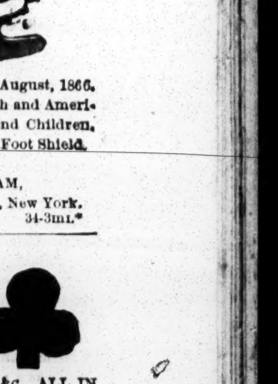
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City Summary.

MONDAY, Feb. 11, '67.

IT WAS A CALM, moonlight evening in the summer of 1865, when a young girl, apparently of that age when a mother's protecting care is more necessary than at any other time, was observed slowly threading her way through the living tide that ever and anon flows along the great thoroughfare of Broadway. There was something in the face and form of this fair young creature—for she was as beautiful as a houri—that seemed to attract more than ordinary attention, and yet her apparel was not of that kind which is flaunted in the face of the way-farer as a signal of the wearer's traffic; no—it was clean, neat, and nothing more. As she approached Niblo's Garden, she turned her head from side to side, uneasily, as if looking for or fearing the approach of some one. Her countenance was of a Grecian cast, but there was an anxious, care-worn look about it which denoted the struggles of a bleeding heart. Suddenly, from out of one of those underground saloons which line Broadway, there leaped a youth whose age could not have been more than twenty years. The young girl—[There's that infernal organ grinder. We have never yet attempted a sentimental sketch but what some infamous street musician was sure to disturb us with his "Wearing of the Green"—as if *we* care what people wear; and this is followed by "Old Dog Tray"—why not let the faithful old creature rest? As if to add insult to injury, the grinder next gives us "Tramp, Tramp"—why *don't* they tramp, instead of disturbing industrious people with their complaints. What were we talking about? Well, there, our ideas have left us, and we can remember no more of what was intended to be a thrilling fact than we know of the present whereabouts of C. O. I. R. Stephens. As poor Johnny Austin used to say "gaul darn" the organ grinders. What are they good for, anyhow, with their screeching and howling noises. And this brings up the subject of free music and such things. The varieties of street music are many. In the old world there are, the improvisatore, who will spin out a yard of rhyme and gulp down a yard of maccaroni with equal facility; the itinerant negro minstrels who howl in the public houses for a halfpenny, and who are never seen in New York, where minstrels think too much of their profession to lower it by acting in the streets; the shivering Hindoo, who beats the tom tom with fiendish monotony; the English, Italian, French, German and Russian ballad singer, whose reward alternates between halfpence, kicks, imprisonment and the knout; the highly respectable but reduced gentleman (of any nationality) who howls the Doxology in hideous unison with five small children of whom he is the putative father, and all of whom manage to keep scrupulously clean pinafores and scrupulously bad colds in the head; and lastly, the organ grinder. In any country you are bound to meet *him*—the organ grinder. He is omnipresent: he lives, moves, and has his being in every clime "from Indus to the Pole;" his music and his monkey confront you everywhere; he is a great fact. Organ grinding has not played a conspicuous part in romance. On the contrary, it has been left to live unheralded in fame, and subjected to the distressing watchfulness of pertinacious policemen. Novelists are not fond of putting their heroes to turning the handles of a barrel organ, or their heroines to the peripatetic occupation of lifting a faded tamborine in mute supplication of alms. Neither do dramatists work him up in plays. But is there not herein a suggestion for which the whole fraternity of play writers should forever be grateful to the CLIPPER. Barras gives us *double entendres* and the naked truth; false entries in parish registries have fallen into the hands of Boucicault, and the "Little Barefoot" style of heroine is going out. Strike out afresh, then, ye unterrified dramatists; make your hero an organ grinder, your heroine the *tambouriniere*, and it will go hard with you, but, with the aid of the irrepressible monkey, you make a large fortune and a great dramatic success. The chief merit of this would be its originality, for up to the present organ grinding has certainly *not* played a conspicuous part in romance. Nor in poetic lore has the noble and beautiful profession of organ grinding received its meed of justice. Such few lyrical productions as bear reference to it are by no means flattering to its votaries; and one, indeed, which obtained distressing prominence as a street song, speaks in exceedingly disparaging terms of a particular organ grinder, who is represented as having committed a breach of domestic confidence serious enough in itself to weaken our faith in human nature generally. It is alleged to be the broken hearted wail of a bereaved baker, who plaintively sings:—

"I mourn for the loss of the girl I love,
And I don't know where to find her;
She's gone away from her own true love
With a nasty organ grinder!"

Now, whatever may have been the temptation to which he was exposed, the conduct of this gentleman was such as to exclude him at once and forever from the consideration and the coppers which have accrued from time immemorial to the noble and ancient profession which he has disgraced. It may not be irrevocably disgraced, but it remains for the dramatists hereinbefore mentioned to incorporate the incident into a thrilling drama, and rescue the profession from an unmerited odium. Their task, however, will be no sinecure, for it appears from certain old manuscripts discovered after much care and research, that the morality of the profession of organ-grinding has been frequently and even viciously attacked. Whatever ground of truth there may be for the grave charges made in the following verses, it is at all events a pretty strong case of circumstantial evidence:—

YE LAY OF YE SERVANTE GYRLE.

From an old manuscript in the possession of "Our Jim."

"Oh, drat that nasty organ man,
His hair and beard likewise;
I feel as if I really could
Just tear out both his eyes!
How dare the willain wink at me—
The good-for-nothing gaby;
He frightened missis into fits,
And then half choked the baby.

I hates 'em all—the dirty tribe,
And hates their monkeys too;
They frightens folks and then kicks up
A pretty how-d'ye do!
That grinder what's been here has got
A veskit what's not his'n;
If I'd my way I'd have him shot,
And his monkey sent to prison!

Who pays the p'lice I'd like to know,
And gives 'em wictuals too?
And yet they can't keep people clear
Of such a ugly crew!
There's two of 'em a playing now
Within a ten yards' range—
Now what I says is this: we wants
A real organic change!

This is certainly pretty severe on the grinder, but at best it can only be taken as an individual expression of opinion. Servant girls are not an unit on the question of organ grinders. Organ grinders are popularly believed to be cynics, or snarling characters; there is a well known song which avers that when one of that ilk was disturbed in front of a house,

"He went and ground next door,
All the more,"

which not only drove the first proprietor to the verge of lunacy, but forcibly reminded him of the fact that he had no legal redress. A favorite knack of organ grinders is to play against each other, within a few yards distance, the effect of which is to induce householders to part with their small change in order to escape being literally ground to death. This favorite pastime, too, is stated to be a great aid to literary composition. While on this subject it is not out of place to mention that a suit for libel might be instituted against the exhibitors of the "Black Crook" for the wholesale plagiary of a song now in the possession of "Our Jim," entitled, "Oh, You Naughty Organ Men." It will be seen by the following copy of this rare and curious song, that the version formerly sung at Niblo's by the lamented Milly Cavendish, was evidently spurious, and that an action for infringement of copyright would lie most effectually:

"OH, YOU NAUGHTY ORGAN MEN."

You look so nice and hunky,
With your funny little monkey,
And Lord! now, ain't you spunky,
With them horrid po-lice-men?
Your hair is black and flowing,
Your eyes, so large and glowing,
Wink at us while we're sewing,
Oh! you naughty organ men!

When missis isn't looking,
And something nice is cooking,
Your dinners then we're booking,
With a stray loaf now and then;
But ah! you so deceive us,
You court us, and then leave us,
And then, what can retrieve us?
Oh, you naughty organ men!

But still we can't resist you,
We really must assist you,
And when away, we've missed you,
Oh, you naughty organ men!
You play for us so sprightly,
We look out for you nightly,
Then pray do treat us rightly,
Oh, you charming organ men.

Our evil genius has departed, but it is too late to revive the thread of the young girl's narrative this week.

ON SATURDAY EVENING last, Feb. 9th, the "Black Crook" reached its one hundred and fifty-fourth representation at Niblo's Garden, and strange as it may appear, this extraordinary spectacle is nightly witnessed by audiences nearly as crowded as when the piece was first introduced here. We had no idea that the spectacle would have such an uninterrupted success, but certain it is that the manager's expectations that it will run through the season bid fair to be realised, judging from the present state of the auditorium, for

The legs of the *ballet* continue to draw,
And the lean-looking "slavey" provokes a guffaw.

THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE," at Winter Garden, is doing a much better business than many of the millionaire merchants of New York, whose trade is not of a very encouraging nature at the present writing. "The Jew that Shakespeare drew" drew large audiences during the past week, albeit it is *not* Mr. Booth's masterpiece. The liberal manner in which Manager Stuart has placed the "third revival" on the stage materially contributes to the success of the play. It will be continued until further notice, while

The Garden of Winter blooms on in good sooth,
With Scheller, and Gotthold, and young Edwin Booth.

ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS in this great metropolis is that of the minstrel troupe known as the San Franciscos. No matter what the weather may be, nor how scarce the filthy may become, the auditorium of this favorite resort is nightly filled. Just look at the four managers; did'st ever behold a spectacle more full of excellent living, and contented minds; why it's a continual feast with them. We never knew four such heavy weights concentrated in one managerial association. Truly, they laugh and grow fat, and

Loud are the plaudits that greet this fat troupe—
The famed Frisco minstrels—from the great western slope.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY, probably, never had a greater foothold in this city than it has at the present time. Since the first attempt of Frank Brower, Sweeny, Pelham and Whitlock at the Old Bowery Amphitheatre, in this city, in 1838, down to the present day, we have never had Ethiopianism put before the public in better style or by more completely organized troupes than now. That the public appreciate minstrelsy is proved by the presence of the numerous refined and aristocratic audiences that nightly throng the several places where such entertainments are given. That this art has been for several years passing through what may be called a transition state; that it is being, through the ceaseless efforts of a few enterprising managers, gradually pruned of its excrescences; and that it is becoming a novelty and variety in which it will rival the opera proper in *eclat*; is the firm belief of many who have given either thought or attention to the subject—a belief which is founded upon its present success, and the progress it has made in this city during the past two years. We have at present in this city three first class minstrel troupes. The oldest is the San Francisco party, who gave their first entertainment at their present abiding place, May 8th, 1865, and with the exception of a few weeks—during which time they traveled while their hall was being rejuvenated—have appeared nightly. When they came here minstrelsy was on the wane, but having a good company and giving one of the best entertainments seen in New York since the days of the Hooley and Campbell party, burnt cork became once more in the ascendant, and they played to overflowing houses night after night, not knowing what a poor house was. So fast a hold did they take that up to the present time they have done a better business than was ever done before by any minstrel organization. At present they have eleven men in the first part, with Birch and Backus on the end, Bernard interlocutor, and Wambold, Grier, Templeton and Fowler in the quartet. They give a good show, both instrumental and vocal. As a ballad singer, Mr. Wambold has very few if any superiors in the business. Their second part is very funny—Cooper and Fields are young in the business, but are very versatile performers. They do a good clog dance, as well as double song and dance. Henry Rice is well up in his burlesque singing and *prima donna* business. J. B. Donniker is musical director, and Lew Brimmer banjoist......The Fifth Avenue Opera House Minstrels are the next oldest. They commenced operations Nov. 30, 1844, since which time the company has changed its name several times. J. Stohr is the present manager. There are thirteen performers in the first part. At present George Christy and C. Benedict are on the ends, G. W. H. Griffin is interlocutor, and C. Henry, F. Leslie and C. F. Shattuck are in the quartet. They give a good first part, the singing being excellent and the instrumental music pleasing. Hughes and Hogan are the cloggists, and Fred Abbott wench dancer. Mr. Henry is a sweet singer and very popular with his audience. The quartet is a good one, the voices being well balanced. ......Kelly and Leon's troupe, although last, is by no means least. They gave their first show on the first of last October. They opened to a good house, but not a crowded one. Every one predicted for them certain failure, and laughed at the idea of two Western managers coming to the metropolis to establish themselves. Messrs. Kelly and Leon, in spite of all these misgivings, and meeting with opposition on all sides, opened at an establishment where every one else had failed for two years previously. They commenced by minding their own business, getting a good company, and giving a first class entertainment. The first step to success is to advertise well what you have, thereby letting the public know it; and when the public respond by coming, then give them the best you have. This was the course pursued by K. and L. They advertised very extensively, and kept constantly adding to their company. They gave a good show, which the public soon found out, and for the past three months the house has been crowded night after night, and they are at present doing a most excellent business. They have ten men in the first part. Nelse Seymour and Johnny Allen are on the ends; Edwin Kelly is the middle man, and E. Kelly, G. W. Jackson and John F. Oberist are in the quartet Leon does the burlesque *prima donna* business. The two masters Guy and Charley Gardner do the song and dance and clog. Fred. Hoffman is the violin soloist, and Sam Price assists in the olio. This troupe give a first class show in the first part as well as in the olio. Kelly is a pleasing balladist, and is well liked by the patrons.

THE "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," the new historical and religious drama written expressly for the establishment by John Brougham, was produced on the 4th inst., at Barnum's Museum, and continued during the week, attracting large houses afternoon and evening. The attendance each afternoon was greater than the evening, the auditorium being densely crowded, the majority of those present being ladies and children. The drama, so far as literary merit is concerned, is rather a trashy affair. It has, however, been placed on the stage in magnificent style, the costumes, appointments and paraphernalia being all new and very handsome. The music has been written expressly for the piece by Mr. Thomas Baker. The acting is very bad with the exception of C. W. Clarke, M. Levick, Geo. Brookes, Mrs. Prior and Adele Clarke. Mr. Harry Clarke is very stilted, and Mr. Guion danced about the stage like a jumping Jack in a pantomime. Mrs. Prior was very good, as she is in nearly everything she attempts. Adele Clarke is a clever *soubrette*, and were she in a theatre where she could develope her present latent talents, she would become popular. The tableaux which conclude each act are exceedingly well gotten up, and are very effective. The third act opens with a grand procession of the return to Rome of the Emperor Constantine. It is a long and a very imposing one. A host of auxiliaries are brought into requisition, and the entire stage is filled. In this procession are introduced the wild animals, consisting of the baby elephant, a tiger lashed to a small platform carried on the shoulders of four men, and a number of other animals. The drama ends with a view of the Coliseum, and a cage with the performing lion. The trainer of the wild animals (supposed to be Constantine) is thrust into the den to be devoured by order of the Emperor, but a cross of fire appears in the heavens as a warning to desist. The animals do not harm Constantine and he is proclaimed the first Christian Emperor of Rome. The piece has been placed on the stage in good style, and so far has been a great success. On Wednesday evening an act occurred not on the bills. As soon as the procession had passed, and the scene shifted, a noise was heard, and the "supers" were seen rushing from the stage. The audience hearing the noise and seeing the men running for their lives supposed that the animals had got loose. As if by magic every one in the lower part of the house was panic stricken, and rushed pell mell for the doors. Men, women and children were knocked down and trampled under foot, and for a few minutes there was "confusion worse confounded." It was soon made known that there was no real cause for the alarm, that only a portion of the stage machinery had given way, which fell to the stage and made a great noise. The "Christian Martyrs" is to hold the boards for the present.

STARS IN NEW YORK.—Some time since we gave a list of the receipts of the different theatres in this city, excepting the Broadway, and as managers as well as others outside of this great metropolis would no doubt like to know who are the most profitable stars in this city, we herewith give the receipts of each star engagement performed here last season, with the exception of those of John E. Owens, the Menken, Helen Western, James Stark and Edwin Adams, which we are unable to give in consequence of the receipts of the Broadway Theatre, where they played, not having been published. Edwin Booth played an engagement at the Winter Garden from Jan. 3 until March 31st; the first month's receipts amounted to $31,581; the second, $33,483; and the last, $31,760. In November and December he played again to $24,030. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams commenced at the Winter Garden April 2d and closed June 4th; their receipts were: first month, $18,114; and second, $13,192. John Brougham followed June 6th, and closing with the month of August; his first month's receipts were $10,598; second $8,276; and the last, $14,867. The Buislay Family played in September to $12,542. Mrs. Geo. Lander played the first week of the fall season in October to $2,300. Mrs. D. P. Bowers followed until Nov. 24; her first three weeks reached $7,997; and in November $10,075. Edwin Booth came next; he played to over $9,000 the first week, and in December to $34,000. Mr. Booth is still playing at this establishment. Dan. Bryant commenced at Wallack's June 11th and closed in August; his first month's receipts were $10,573; second, $7,244; and last month, $17,086. Joseph Jefferson played at the Olympic in September to $23,330, and in October to $17,750. At Niblo's, Lucille Western played the first two weeks in January to $21,800; followed the next two weeks by Kate Bateman to $14,585—Miss Bateman played two weeks in February to $13,300. Maggie Mitchell succeeded, opening Feb. 19 and played to April 19; her first two weeks returned $21,256; March, $27,633; she closed April 19 to $16,810. Kate Bateman followed for two weeks, playing a miserable engagement, the receipts amounting to about $8,000. Charles Dillon played one month to less than $10,000. The Ravels were the last stars. They commenced in June for the summer season on a guarantee of $500 a night. Their engagement was a failure, and Manager Wheatley was glad to buy them off at a good round sum and close the engagement. In six weeks' time they played to less than $2,500. The "Black Crook" commenced operations Sept. 13, and the first month the receipts amounted to $43,000, and the second month to over $70,000. Managers and people throughout the country can rely upon these figures as being correct, and they can see at a glance who are the best paying stars in this city.

S. WYLDE HARDINGE, who is said to be well up in tragedy and first juvenile business, can be engaged for nights by addressing his agent as per advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS commence an engagement of five weeks at the Broadway Theatre on the 25th inst., to be followed April 1st by Maggie Mitchell.

THE BENEFIT which took place at Charley White's on the afternoon of Feb. 5th, for Miss Emma Fowler, was a great success. The house was crowded, and many persons were turned away. The lady cleared over four hundred and fifty dollars. Among our theatrical advertisements will be found a card of thanks to all who assisted her at the benefit.

IN TOWN.—Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hamilton are in the city, having concluded their engagement at the American Theatre, Philadelphia.

MANAGER GROVER seems to have a liking for Opera, as that has been the staple production at the Olympic the past four weeks. It was thought by many that after having had so successful a season of English opera, and then to follow it up with German opera, was bad policy; but the large houses that have witnessed the productions of the German troupe, have at once dispelled all these doubts of success. Mr. Grover has exemplified the fact that opera, properly given, can be sustained in this city, providing a manager has sufficient tact to understand the people for whose entertainment he is providing. The office of director of a troupe which undertakes to produce three or four operas per week, is no sinecure. And yet it is only by a constant succession of novelty that full houses can be secured. The operas given last week were "William Tell," "Faust," "The Magic Flute," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." A large audience was in attendance at each representation. The operas were placed upon the stage in good style, and evidently gave satisfaction to all present. The chorus was large and powerful, and the orchestra was also good. The artists were in good voice, and appeared to advantage in their several *roles*. Mad. Johannsen appears to be the great star of the troupe. Her voice is a soprano of great power and evenness. Her method is good, her intonation true, and she sings with the feeling, passion and expression of an artist. She is also a clever actress. German opera will continue to hold forth at the Olympic for the present.

SINCE SLEIGHING ceased and skating came to an end, the theatres and halls of amusement have experienced an improvement in business, much to the delight of managers. During the past week, notwithstanding the soft state of the weather and the loose condition of the streets, most places of indoor resort have been well attended, dramatic, variety, and minstrel establishments alike coming in for a share of increasing prosperity. As we have said in a previous issue, money is not really scarce, but an uncertainty as regards the policy of Congress and the President keeps capital locked up and general business cramped. Once the reconstruction and financial questions are settled, confidence will be restored, capital will be let loose, and the business of the whole country will improve. Certainly a visit to our theatres at the present time would not convey the impression of dull times in this city, however bad they may be in other places.

SANGALLI, of "Black Crook" renown, and whose portrait is given on our first page, is the reigning favorite with the frequenters of Niblo's. She has supplanted Bonfanti and all other premier dancers of the Parisian troupe, and is nightly *encored* in one of her most difficult Terpsichorean displays; to demand a repetition of this extraordinary effort is cruel, to say the least; we think that the lady's acknowledgment of the applause by a curtsey should be sufficient.

SALLIE HINCKLEY'S managerial labors have ended for the present, her last performance at the New York Theatre being on Saturday evening, Feb. 9th. We are sorry to say that success has not crowned Miss Hinckley's endeavors to cater to the tastes of New York audiences; and notwithstanding the partial success of "Cendrillon," the latter representations of that spectacle swallowed up most of the gains of the earlier performances, and Sallie, on the "Bird of Paradise," lost what remained, and something over. Sarah deserved better things; she has worked hard and diligently, but opposing elements conspired to render her efforts nugatory, and she quits a heavy loser. "The Ticket of Leave Man" follows the Hinckley, its first representation at this house being fixed for this evening, with the following cast:—Bob Brierly, G. H. Clarke, first appearance here; Jim Dalton, W. Jamison; Hawkshaw, Lewis Baker; Melter Moss, Humphrey Bland; Green Jones, W. Gomersall; Mr. Gibson, Mark Smith; May Edwards, Mrs. Gomersall; Emily St. Evremond' Mrs. W. Jamison, first appearance here; Sam Willoughby, Mrs. Yeamans; Mrs. Willoughby, Mrs. Wilkins.

ALL IS QUIET at the Thalia Theatre, the establishment having been closed a week or two since, the German element failing to respond to the appeals of the managers.

"THE FUNNY MUTTON TRIAL" is on the calendar at Charley White's the current week; the "Mysterious Head" is also shown, and permission to view the "Haunted House" given to all who favor 472 with their presence.

THE FRENCH THEATRE—a somewhat unfortunate establishment in 14th street, t'other side of Sixth avenue—is to be operated on this week by a man to fame and fortune a stranger, whose name it is Mora, not Metamora, but Antonio, who professes to manage an Italian opera troupe composed of Signora Guiditta Alfieri, Signora Ettore Irfre, Sig. Fortuna, etc. The boldness of this man Mora is more astonishing than anything in the opera line we have heard of for some time. It seems to be a sort of crowd hashed up for the occasion, pending the advent of the irrepressible and interminable Maretzek.

"SHAN MAC COLLOM," from the Irish of Poole, is the latest dramatic production at Tony Pastor's Opera House. We cannot say whether it defines the present status of the absented-minded Stephens or not, but we do know that it will please those who have the real interest of Ireland at heart. "Keno and Rondo," in addition to Poole, are played at this house, the whole making a nice little game.

THAT TRIO of loveliness—the Worrell sisters—are nearing the end of their engagement at the Broadway Theatre, next week being their last. The double bill of "Aladdin" and "Cinderella" has proved so attractive that it will be retained until further notice. As this is Valentine week, it is the duty of the numerous admirers of Irene and Jennie and Sophie to purchase their valentines at the box office and leave them with the doorkeeper for presentation.

OUR VALENTINE.

Oh, luscious Irene, did'st thou know
How beats this heart of mine,
Perhaps thou would'st not then refuse
To be my valentine.
But if my claim you should reject,
And break this heart of mine,
Perhaps Miss Sophie would accept
Me for *her* valentine.
But should some other swain step in
Between thy love and mine,
Oh! charming Jennie, won't *you* be
My cherished valentine?
Yet if these graces *all* should shake
This wounded heart of mine,
Is there not some fair creature who
Will be my valentine?

N. B.—We are young and handsome, with wealthy parents, whose decease is daily excepted; we also have a little furniture.

GRIFFIN & CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS are doing "Four Birds of Paradise" at their Fifth Avenue House, and they are all done to a nicety, we are told.

,NOEL REDNIC racsagadaM ,epuorT tellaB ,ecnaD nomeD ,03:9 ,noeL ylnO ehT ,itnafilleK ,llagruomyeS ,inilanellA ,eyeinicirP. Such is the bill of fare at Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. Des ffun.

"A DANGEROUS GAME," dramatized from the French, (and one of Young's night thoughts) by A. W. Young, was produced at Wallack's during the past week. Not having seen the play, we cannot speak as to its merits. It is still on.

LADY DON, who has lately arrived in this city, after a brilliant engagement in San Francisco, opens a series of performances at the New York Theatre on the 18th inst., appearing in one of her best pieces. The lady is said to be a good burlesque actress and vocalist, in which case she ought to play a good engagement here, as that is just the style of entertainment that is most needed at present. The following notice of this lady is from the *London Times:* "Lady Don, the widow of the versatile, impetuous and unfortunate Sir William Don, Bart., appeared on our boards last evening. The fortunes of actors and actresses are proverbially varied. Some have risen to and adorned very high positions in social rank; and others, after a brief period of brilliant success, have fallen back to their original positions, with wasted health and broken spirits. Emily Sanders, the popular cantatrice and actress, in wedding with the descendant and representative of an ancient Scotch baronial house, took a step in which the pecuniary advantage was entirely on the side of the Baronet. Miss Emily Sanders, at the time of her marriage, was in the receipt of a very good professional income. Sir William had run through his patrimony. The dashing dragoon and the gay *bon vivant* found himself without funds, and he considered himself—as he in reality was—highly fortunate in possessing the love of a truly womanly heart, one content to share her prosperity with him, and guide his previously erratic course. When those who had fattened upon his bounty held aloof, Miss Saunders appreciated him for those good and generous qualities which were his distinguishing traits, and which fashionable dissipation could not obliterate. We have had, in the course of many years' connexion with the press, the pleasure of frequently meeting with Sir William Don, and we have heard him assert that the only real happiness he ever enjoyed was in the love of the woman who condescended to link her prosperous career with his fallen fortunes. Lady and Sir William Don was the invariable style of announcement when they appeared at the theatres. The gallant baronet would insist, like a true gentleman, upon giving precedence where he felt it was properly due. His title and his blue blood weighed nothing with him when contrasted with his wife's surpassing sacrifice, and pre-eminent talent. Yet Sir William possessed histrionic powers of no mean order. His talent for dramatic impersonations, especially in comedy, was first evinced in Dublin, in those days when the garrison of the Irish metropolis could count many scions of the noblest families of Great Britain. Gayest among them was the gigantic baronet, as he also was amongst the most innocent in his pranks. Wild and reckless and improvident in the extreme, he was generous and good-natured to a fault; money to him was absolutely valueless. The acquirements obtained during this period in the amateur theatricals so much in vogue in the gay Irish capital, were the only means of subsistence that remained to Sir William Don out of his once ample fortune. He might, no doubt, have proved a source of attraction at some *rouge et noir* hall at Baden Baden, or at some of the German gambling places; but his honest nature revolted from this course of making a livelihood. He appeared with his wife in the metropolitan theatres, and then went on a starring tour through the Provinces. Their profits were so considerable as to lead him to believe that in time he would have been enabled to pay off all his incumbrances. After a successful series of tours in England, Lady and Sir William Don proceeded to Australia, where gold flowed in upon them for a time, but then came on a wasting illness which ended in his death. The disconsolate widow returned to England, and, from what we saw and heard of her performance last night, with undiminished powers. She seeks no sympathy. She desires, we have no doubt, to maintain herself by her own talents; and those who had the pleasure of looking at and listening to her last night, will readily admit that she is well qualified to take rank with the most pleasing actresses of the day. The 'Child of the Regiment' was the first piece last evening, and Lady Don was Josephine. She played it with all the *abandon* and freshness of youth, and, indeed, to look at her, one would not imagine that she had gone through so many vicissitudes as have fallen to her lot. Her singing was admirable. 'The Song of the Drum' was delivered in superb style, and evoked rapturous applause. 'The Rataplan' was also a fine effort of vocalization. In the rendering of this and the other songs introduced into the piece, Lady Don proved incontestably that she now possesses all the *verve* and vigor of the Emily Sanders that was. Her good looks remain to her along with her charming voice. Her physical power, too, seems to have been improved by her transoceanic excursions, like that good wine of which Horace tells us that its inherent virtues were only developed by marine transit. The applause at the fall of the curtain was deafening, and Lady Don was led out by Mr. Bedford to receive the thanks of the house. Nothing could be better than her impersonation of Mrs. Masterman in 'The Rifle Brigade.' In feminine costume she befooled Mr. Doddleton (Mr. J. H. Slater), to the top of his bent, but as the rifleman, dressed in her grey uniform, with buff belts, she was bewitching. Her song, 'Step Together,' elicited rapturous applause. To-night Lady Don appears as Camilla in the 'Black Domino,' and as Earl of Leicester in the extravaganza of 'Kenilworth.'"

"A DANGEROUS GAME."—Copies of this piece, now being performed at Wallack's Theatre, in this city, may be procured of Alfred W. Young, as per advertisement in another column.

THE CIRCUS on Fourteenth street is doing a most excellent business, and the programme presented this week is one of more than ordinary attractive power. The equestrian divertissement of "Blind Man's Buff," which was produced last week and is on for this, introduces Nat Austin and four lady riders in a very spirited affair; during the past week it was received with great favor. On the 7th inst., Mr. S. Q. Stokes introduced for the first time the pony "Punch," an animal which he has had in training for a long time, and his performance created quite a sensation. Among the many extraordinary feats he does is that of backing up a flight of stairs so steep as to be almost perpendicular. W. Conrad and the Levantine Brothers appear this week in an entirely new act, which they have been practicing for several months, entitled "Les Trois Athletes." It is said to be an exciting act. Austin and Cooke are announced to appear in classic Poses Plastiques, and other novelties will be found comprised in the programme. M'lle De Berg appears at each entertainment in her dashing acts of equestrianism. She is an artist of extraordinary ability, and is a daring rider. W. Conrad introduces this week for the first time his comic dog "Knibs," with new tricks. In addition to the above mentioned features a variety of other equestrian and gymnastic feats are included in the bill, and the Educated Mules will put in an appearance by way of *finale*. It should not be forgotten that *matinees* are given every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, for the especial accommodation of the rising generation.

A SENSIBLE IDEA.—One of the London managers heads his programmes with an announcement quite refreshing to read. It relates to *encores*, which are strictly prohibited in the Marylebone Theatre, London. The public may be taught common sense and reason if managers will but exercise a little firmness in the matter, and a measure of this kind is a protection to artists, of which they now-a-days stand much in need. To expect a *danseuse*, or a burlesque actress or actor to repeat songs or dances is a species of tyranny they should not be called upon to endure, and though some answer the demands of the public with a most injudicious alacrity, it is probable the great majority would be only too delighted to escape such a tax upon their physical resources. We have frequently seen artists called out to repeat a dance when they have been so exhausted that they could scarcely stand. It is only a few weeks since that Miss Adelaide Nixon, while performing with Chiarini's Circus, in Cuba, was *encored* three times. She finally so overtaxed her energies that she was obliged to sit down in a chair for rest. She was immediately stricken with paralysis, and it is thought that she will never fully recover. During the performance of the burlesque of "Aladdin," at the Broadway Theatre, in this city, last week, the Worrell Sisters, Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Griffith did a comic song and dance. It is of the "Cure" style of dancing, and is very tiresome to do once, as all are constantly jumping up and down. Any sensible person could see at a glance that after finishing it they are all so exhausted that they can scarcely walk off the stage or speak, yet notwithstanding this, the *generous* audience insisted upon an *encore*, and when they commenced to sing and dance there was not one that could articulate distinctly. This is all wrong, and should be frowned down. It not only does an injury to the parties so *honored*, but so weakens them that they are not able to do justice to the remainder of the performance. We have frequently seen dancers, both solo and coryphees, after having been compelled to repeat a dance on a warm evening come off the stage so tired that they have fainted and fallen to the floor, while others have resorted to drinking freely of ice water, which has thrown them into fits. This is no fancy sketch, but truthful. Some will say that it is their own fault. But would such things occur if the public, instead of compelling them to repeat, would be satisfied with their answering the call with a bow? Brignoli made it a rule a year ago never to answer a call by repeating a song, because he found that it was taxing him too much. What was the consequence for doing so in Boston? Why they actually hissed him from the stage the next time he did appear. Public performers are human, if they are actors or dancers.

THE INTERNATIONAL AGENCY, under the direction of Messrs. Sherry Corbyn and Harry Wall, has become a fixed fact. They have already secured considerable business to attend to for managers and performers, and everything goes along swimmingly. They have a number of advertisements in this week's CLIPPER, to which we refer the reader.

ELIZA NEWTON returned from Europe last week. She intends devoting a few months to study, and will not appear on the stage this season. It is her intention to star next season in specialties.

MR. AND MRS. FOX, two popular Australian actors, arrived in this city last week. Mr. Fox will shortly appear in this city.

THE THEATRICAL agency business has become an important—and, judging from the number of persons embarking therein, evidently a lucrative—feature of "the profession." Properly conducted it must undoubtedly be of benefit to both managers and performers, affording increased facilities for completing engagements. Among those now established in this city is that of Davis & Co., who publish a number of pronunciamentos in our advertising columns, to which attention is hereby directed.

THE PIONEER DRAMATIC, minstrel and miscellaneous agency of Conner & Co., at 534 Broadway, continues to constitute one of the centres of attraction for the profession, as any one may see by dropping in during office hours and observing the crowds of professionals, of high and low degree, congregated in the reception rooms, some in quest of engagements and others on the look out for people, and more engaged in discussing "the situation." This firm has gained an enviable reputation for attending to all business entrusted to them with promptness, and are therefore very popular with the show folk. Those interested will do well to note their announcements in our advertising columns.

H. C. HUSTED has a great variety of plays for sale, both in manuscript and type, also parlor fireworks and books on various subjects. For a catalogue thereof see advertisements in their appropriate columns.

MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE HAMILTON sail for England on the 16th inst.

MRS. CONNER'S BENEFIT.—This affair takes place at Tony Pastor's Opera House on Monday afternoon, Feb. 25, on which occasion a large and varied entertainment will be given. Mr. Tony Pastor has with his usual liberality tendered the lady the use of his establishment without charge, and the entire company have generously volunteered their services, and will appear in a number of popular acts. Some of the most talented and versatile performers connected with the different minstrel companies in this city, as well as of Hooley's, Brooklyn, have tendered their services, and will appear in favorite acts. The affair promises to be a highly successful one—pecuniarily—and we sincerely trust that it may, for the *beneficiaire* is every way deserving of a crowded house.

Dramatic.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CRITIC.—A dramatic company was playing at Macon, Ga., lately, and in the troupe was a rather handsome actress. One of the critics connected with the press of that city lately got off the following on the aforesaid lady: "Shakespeare, who knew some things almost as well as some of our Solomons, has very sagely said 'that to gild fine gold or to paint a lilly is wasteful and ridiculous excess.' We will take the old stager's advice, and not attempt to add our humble perfume to the dramatic violet now nightly exhaling to our mental senses the rich odors of theatrical grace and genius. Such rare gifts are doubly blessed—they bless the giver and receiver, and to be fully known they must be seen, heard and felt."

OF CHICAGO THEATRICALS our correspondent, "Hawkeye," under date of Feb. 8th, says:—"Helen Western opened at McVicker's Theatre on Feb. 4th, with 'Cynthia;' followed on the 5th, by 'French Spy,' which play was repeated on the 6th, 7th and 8th. To-morrow (Feb. 9th) afternoon there is to be a *matinee*. On Feb. 11th J. E. McDonough commences an engagement at McVicker's, opening with 'The Long Strike.' Miss Western has a benefit this evening......Last evening Wood's Museum was full; all amusements seem to be doing well. There has been considerable talk that the 'Black Crook' was to be produced at Crosby's Opera House."

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS were at the Savannah (Ga.) Theatre last week.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC FORCES are at Reading, Pa., this week, opening in "Little Barefoot" on the 11th inst.

THE ACTOR'S ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP should hereafter be addressed as per advertisement in another column.

A LEADING WOMAN and walking lady are wanted for the Theatre Comique, Cincinnati, O. See advertisement.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced the third and last week of her engagement at Macon, Ga., Feb. 4th.

IN NEW ORLEANS, the young tragedian, Edwin Adams, continued to play to good business, at the Varieties, during the week ending Feb. 2. Our correspondent, "Laertes," writes as follows:—"On the 28th Jan. the drama from the French entitled 'The Dead Heart,' was presented, with Mr. Adams as Robert Landry, Carden as the Abbe Latour, and Mrs. Chanfrau as Catherine. Its success warranted its repetition on the 29th. On the 30th he personated Rover, in the sparkling old comedy of 'Wild Oats,' and on the 31st Macbeth. On the 1st Feb. his benefit took place, when he was greeted by a densely crowded house. The performance consisted of Falconer's comedy of 'Men of the Day' and Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' in both of which Mr. Adams sustained the leading *roles*. To-night (Feb. 2) the same bill will be given, and to-morrow evening he will close his engagement, in the character of Macbeth. Miss Maggie Mitchell will be the next star, opening on the 4th inst. ......Much to the regret of our theatre-goers, Miss Lucille Western terminates her engagement at the St. Charles this evening, Feb. 2d. During the week she has appeared in her specialty of Margaret Rookley in the new sensation drama of the 'Child Stealer,' which was witnessed by exceedingly large audiences on the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st Jan. Last night (Feb. 1st) she took her farewell benefit, appearing for the occasion in her great character of Camille, of which she gave a very forcible rendition. Mr. Theo. Hamilton acquitted himself in a very handsome manner as Armand Duval. To-night she makes her last appearance here this season, and personates the character of the forsaken Jewish maiden, Leah. To-morrow evening (Feb. 3d) Mr. E. Eddy and Miss Henrietta Irving will put in an appearance, and on Monday evening, the 4th, Vestvali, the magnificent, commences an engagement in Brougham's play of 'Bell Demonio.' ......Sig. Ronconi's Italian Opera Troupe continue to delight the lovers of music at the New Opera House. Last evening Verdi's grand opera of 'Un Ballo en Maschera' was superbly sung before a large concourse of the best judges of music. To-night 'Ernani' will be brought out, and to-morrow evening the dramatic company will appear in the five act drama of 'Le Marchard de Coco.' Monday evening, Feb. 4th, Mme. Gibbelli, who is momentarily expected to join the opera troupe, will make her *debut*......Programmes of rare attraction have been offered at the National this week, with great success. Miss Otillie Genee, who has been starring at this house, is on the eve of departure, after playing a very profitable engagement. Last night, Feb. 1st., she appeared in the plays of 'Ein Theatre Scandal,' and 'Die Unschuld auf dem Laud.' To-morrow evening she makes her last appearance in a fine bill."

MARY MITCHELL and Mr. J. W. Albaugh commenced an engagement at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on the 4th inst. The opening bill was the "Marble Heart," Miss Mitchell as M'lle. Marco, and Mr. Albaugh as Raphael. They were favorably received, and made a good impression. They were supported by Evelyn Evans as Volage; J. W. Norton as Chateau Margaux; Fanny Prestige as Marie, and Mrs. C. M. Walcot as Madame Duchalet. On the 5th "Satan in Paris" was performed, Miss Mitchell assuming six characters. On the 6th "Aurora Floyd" was produced, with Miss Mitchell in the title role. Mr. Albaugh sustained the part of John Mellish very creditably; the farce of the "Alarming Sacrifice" concluded the entertainment, in which Miss Prestige as Susan Sweetapple, and Mr. Matthews as Bob Ticket, created a great deal of merriment. On the 7th "Evadne" was presented, with Miss Mitchell in the character of Evadne. Mr. Albaugh as Ludovico, was excellent. Feb. 8th "Waiting for the Verdict" and "Katherine and Pertrucio" were performed. To-night (the 9th,) 'The Robbers" and the "Wandering Boys" is the bill. On the 11th "Griffith Gaunt" is to be brought out, to be followed on the 18th by the spectacle of the "Black Crook." So writes our correspondent "Wilfred."

MISS LEO HUDSON, after concluding her season at Troy, N. Y., will open at Albany on the 18th inst.

GRISWOLD'S OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., having a seating capacity of 1,600, may be rented by the night, week or season, as will be seen by L. H. Everitt's advertisement in another column.

A GOOD THEATRICAL WARDROBE is advertised for sale cheap in this week's CLIPPER.

PLAYS IN MANUSCRIPT, including many of the most popular, are advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER by T. C. Howard, of the Continental Theatre, Boston. He also proposes to purchase as well as dispose of such plays.

CARNIER AND WILSON'S BROADWAY THEATRE re-opened at Cortlandt, N. Y., on the 25th, for two nights, with "East Lynne" and "Perfection," but on account of the impassability of the roads, says an occasional correspondent, Glencoe, "they are still with us. We are sorry to learn that Miss Lottie Howland, the beautiful and accomplished *soubrette*, whose sprightly acting, and engaging manners have rendered her the feature of the company and won her troops of friends, not only here, but wherever she has appeared, closes her engagement of five months this week, when she returns to her home in New Orleans. We understand it is the intention of this lady, in a few weeks, to sail in company with her sister for California, where they appear in May next."

WE FAST "YOUNG AMERICANS" are apt to think our German fellow citizens too slow and plodding to suit our notions of go-ahead-a-tiveness, but in some sections, it must be allowed, that in one particular we could copy from them with profit. Our Dayton, Ohio, correspondent remarks:—"For sociability and rational amusement they are far ahead of us—at least it is so in this latitude. While it is only occasionally that we have the opportunity of witnessing a really good dramatic or operatic performance, our Teutonic friends in this city have *two* firmly organized first-class societies of the genus theatrical, viz: the 'Turners' and 'Harmonia' societies. For a long time these societies have been in successful operation, and their regular weekly performances have a decidedly professional smoothness in execution.....For the benefit of our 'native element,' McKean Buchanan's company continue at Turner's Opera House, playing very acceptably to fair audiences. As I feared, the 'Naiad Queen' is announced as in preparation. When he gets the 'Queen' in operation, I think the manager will agree with me that the people of Dayton have had a surfeit of this piece, and that she is a poor card, however finely gilded."

RECENTLY, in Boston, the announcements at the various places of amusement were as follows:—Boston Theatre, afternoon, opera of "Faust;" evening, "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy." Continental, "Black Crook." Theatre Comique, "Green Monster." Howard Athenæum, "Champion of Erin" and "Moor of Sicily." Museum, "Peep o' Day;" which a correspondent thus weaves into verse. Hear him:—

Faust, the devil's foster brother,
Thought *Griffith Gaunt* with *Jealousy* to smother;
But he having a *Black Crook* in his 'ee,
Could not readily the *Green Monster* see.

For neither Fiend nor Fenian caring,
He had no desire to be a *Champion of Erin;*
And wishing to hear no *Moor of Sicily* or Greece,
He went home at *Peep o' Day*, and slept in peace.

CAROLINE HAYES' DRAMATIC COMPANY, with twenty members, including G. C. Davenport and Harry Hawk, have been performing at Akron, O. They were billed for Massillon, February 4th, 5th and 6th.

MANAGER JOHN ELLSLER, with his *corps dramatique* from Cleveland, opens at Phœnix Hall, Akron, Ohio, Feb. 11th, for a short season of six nights.

OF MEMPHIS (Tenn.) THEATRICALS we are advised by our correspondent up to the 1st inst. He says:—"At the new Memphis Theatre Vestvali is playing her fourth and last week to good houses. She has been the most profitable star of the season. 'Romeo and Juliet' was done twice last week. Romeo is not one of Vestvali's parts—she has not the slightest idea of the character. Mr. Wheelock's Mercutio was excellent; his dress was superb, and his reading correct. Lanagan's Friar Lawrence was all that could be desired. The Juliet of the night was well rendered by Mrs. Lanagan. Mr. Marston's Peter was an unctious performance, and Mr. Loder (a new comer) presented a very neat representation of the courtly Paris. Mr. Wilton deserves much credit for the artistic manner that he displayed in his make-up and acting of the starving apothecary. There was a fine audience last night (Jan. 31st). The entertainment was of a varied character, Vestvali appearing in melo-drama and opera. The feature of the evening was Vestvali Lund as Deborah, which she performed in the German language. Notwithstanding the fact that many present could not follow the text perfectly, she created great attention by her admirable acting and extraordinary histrionic powers. Miss Lund kept the audience spell-bound while she was on the stage. She is a true tragic actress. Her poses, gestures, action and language will stamp her as a genuine artist. To-night (Feb. 1st) Vestvali takes her farewell benefit. She appears at New Orleans on the 4th at the St. Charles Theatre......Ristori appears at the Greenlaw Opera House on the 5th inst. She plays four nights. Her plays are 'Medea,' 'Elizabeth,' 'Macbeth' and 'Mary Stuart.'......Miss Blanche De Bar commences a short engagement on the 4th at the New Memphis. ......Miss Maggie Mitchell passed through the city yesterday *en route* to New Orleans to perform an engagement. She will appear at the New Memphis in a few weeks."

"THE OCTOROON" was produced at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 4th inst., and continued the whole week. Our correspondent says:—"It had been in preparation some time, and was placed upon the stage in a creditable manner by Mr. D. W. Waller, the manager, with new scenery and mechanical effects. Five new scenes, gotten up expressly for the occasion, reflected great credit upon the artist. As for the performance, it was good, and the house was crowded to repletion each night with an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Higgins' Jacob McCloskey was the best *role* I have seen this gentleman assume this season. Mr. Harrison's Salem Scudder was a little too tame. H. C. Stone, as Uncle Pete, was tip top, and kept the audience in a continual roar. F. A. Gossin, as Wah-no-Tee, dressed and acted the character excellently. Viola Barrett, as Zoe, appeared to great advantage, and was enthusiastically applauded. Equally at home in drama, comedy or farce, Viola Barrett generally sends her audience home satisfied with her performance. Miss Lizzie Hardy, as Dora Sunnyside, acted the part very cleverly. Miss Hardy is a new comer here, and bids fair to become a favorite. Mrs. Le Brun's Mrs. Peyton was good. Mrs. Emma Waller will appear on Feb. 11th in her celebrated impersonation of Meg Merriles, in 'Guy Mannering.' Mrs. Waller is undoubtedly one of the best representatives of the character upon the stage, and it is to be hoped she will meet with the same cordial reception as has been awarded her on previous occasions."

JOHN OWENS closed a successful six nights' engagement at the Academy of Music, Louisville, Ky., on the 2d inst., playing to crowded houses. A correspondent says:—"On the 1st inst., for Mr. Owens' benefit, every seat in the house was taken before the curtain rose. The attendance was the largest that ever assembled in the snug little Academy, beating the receipts of any previous night. Mr. Owens goes from here to New Albany for three nights, supported by the Louisville company. On the 8th inst., the citizens of Louisville tender Mr. Oliver B. Doud a complimentary benefit. He is the leading man here, a fair actor and a favorite."

OF THEATRICALS IN MOBILE, Ala., our correspondent, writing on Jan. 31st, says:—"The Mobile Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Roig & McDonough, is doing a fair business, Kate Reignolds being the reigning star. Ned Adams finished a good engagement here on Jan. 18th, Miss Reignolds succeeding on the 20th, playing 'Griffith Gaunt' all last week to crowded houses. On Jan. 28th and 29th 'Armadale,' and Jan. 30th 'Wonder' and 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' Her rendering of the song 'Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark!' was most excellent, and was rapturously *encored*. Mr. T. B. McDonough gave us a splendid Jack Raggett in 'Cock Robin,' the best piece of acting we have witnessed in a long time......To-day the Dramatic Base Ball Club, composed of members of the theatrical company, play a trial match, and on the 3d of February the first and second nines play for a silver cup .....Laura Keene opens on Feb. 5th with 'Extremes.' The lady has been quite ill at the Battle House for some weeks."

MRS. JOHN DREW will continue the lessee of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the next five years. The board of stockholders met on the 5th inst., for the purpose of adjusting the lease of this establishment. Notwithstanding the many offers made for this property, it has been re-leased to Mrs. Drew. This lady is a remarkable actress and a most excellent manageress.

MRS. CECILE RUSH has retired for the season and gone to Philadelphia, where, rumor says, she is shortly to be married to Mr. C. W. Brooke, a young lawyer of that city.

IN WASHINGTON, the benefit of Mr. J. R. Spackman, the able and efficient stage manager of the National Theatre, occurred on the evening of the 1st inst., and, says our correspondent, "Novice," "it was a brilliant and creditable affair. Mr. Spackman gave his humorous rendition of Bunberry Kobb, Esq., and Mr. G. W. Garrison, the leading man of Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, together with Mr. J. B. Polk, a new but successful aspirant for dramatic honors from the same city, personated leading parts—the play selected being 'Rosedale.' At the conclusion of the play, Professor George T. Sheldon, master of the art Terpsichore in this city, appeared in a favorite *pas seul*, after which Mr. H. S. Murdoch recited the pleasing poem entitled 'The Widow's Son.' On the 2d, 'Rosedale' was repeated, with the same cast of the evening previous. Mrs. F. W. Lander (formerly Jean Marie Davenport) appeared, on the 4th, in her great *role* of Adrienne Lecouvreur, in 'Adrienne, the Actress,' and, as I anticipated, was cordially welcomed. Mr. Charles Pope gave a good rendition of the part of Count Maurice De Saxe. The French historical drama, 'Charlotte Corday,' was given on the 5th, with Mrs. Lander in the title *role*, supported by Spackman, Bokee, Murdoch, Pope, Giles, Allen, Josephine Tyson, Mesdames Muzzy, Allen, Cline and Lenney. The Marseillaise Hymn was sung with marked effect. Bulwer's 'Lady of Lyons,' with Mrs. Lander as Pauline, Mr. Pope as Claude, and Mr. Spackman as Colonel Damas, was nicely rendered on the 6th. Last evening (7th) Mrs. Lander assumed the character in which she made her triumphant re-entree to the stage, that of Leoni Arnauld, in 'Mesalliance, or Faith and Falsehood.' This evening (8th) a benefit is announced, and a repetition of 'Adrienne, the Actress.' 'Medea,' 'Masks and Faces,' and 'Queen Elizabeth,' (Ristori's great piece) are in rehearsal.......At Wall's Opera House we have been having the stock, with Rose Eytinge. 'London Assurance' was given on the 1st, the occasion of Miss Eytinge's benefit. The *beneficiaire* delineated Lady Gay Spanker with exceeding finish and effect, and Blanche Grey was really pleasing as Grace Harkaway. A double comedy and drama bill was given on the 2d, the plays being 'Still Waters Run Deep' and 'Black-Eyed Susan.' For the benefit of Frank Lawlor, an excellent bill was announced and given. It consisted of the five act play 'Aurora Floyd,' recitation of Lover's poem 'Shamus O'Brien,' by Frank Lawlor, and the farce of 'Trying it On,' in which John Mortimer was particularly good as Walsingham Potts. Rose Eytinge, having been re-engaged, appeared on the 5th as Hester Grazebrook, in 'An Unequal Match,' after which Mr. Lawlor recited, in his usual able manner, 'Shamus O'Brien.' 'London Assurance' was repeated on the evening following, and on the 7th 'a new version' of 'Dombey and Son' was announced, together with the farce, 'A Kiss in the Dark.' This evening (8th) occurs the first benefit (at this house) of Mrs. Emily Jordan. 'Lesbia, the Spy of Venice,' forms the bill selected. On the 11th the stage manager, Mr. H. B. Phillips, takes a benefit, on which occasion 'Our Mutual Friend' will be produced."

IN CINCINNATI an important event has happened in the opening of the Theatre Comique, by Mr. Jas. A. Oates, as a comedy and vaudeville theatre. It was favorably opened on Thursday evening, Jan. 31st, to a crowded house, who were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of delight of the place and the company. Our correspondent, "Agate," says:—"The performance commenced with the reading of an opening address by Mr. M. V. Lingham, the leading man, written by Enos B. Reed, Esq., formerly proprietor and editor of the *Daily Union*. It was read in

the presence of the entire company, ranged on the stage and dressed in evening costume. After this the company played the comedy of 'Second Love,' and the farce of 'My Son Peter.' It is an excellent company and is destined to become popular. They performed the above pieces for the remainder of the week, and on Monday evening, Feb. 4th, brought out 'Everybody's Friend.' To-night, 6th, 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' and the 'Rose of Castile' will be produced. 'The Fast Family' is underlined. The attendance has been steadily increasing since the opening night, both in point of numbers and respectability. Everything about the stage is of the best, both in the furnishing and sitting. The scenery is beautiful, and when set presents the finest appearance of any stage in the city, although it is small. Mr. Oates has made one move in the right direction most worthy of mention, that of dressing all the pieces strictly in conformity with the character and period of them, and his utility men are made to perform the duty of clearing the stage and removing and laying the carpets in the suitable livery of each respective play......The Florences have done the best business of the season at Wood's, drawing crowded houses every night. On Monday, 11th, Mr. D. E. Bandmann, the German-English tragedian puts in an appearance......Emilie Melville appeared at the National on the 4th, to a slim house, but notwithstanding the audience was small, they received her in the most cordial manner. I have not seen so demonstrative an audience for a long time. She opened in 'Fanchon,' and the manner in which she rendered the character rather astonished the house. She made a decided hit, and was brought before the curtain at the end of each act, and what is most strange, the audience kept their seats to testify their appreciation at the finale by bringing her for the fifth time before the footlights with an ardor that could not be mistaken. She remains next (this) week."

THEATRICALS IN BROOKLYN have been marked this past week by the advent of the Wallack company, the Academy of Music being the scene of the event. Such a crowd, it is thought, has never before been seen in the Academy at any theatrical performance, either as regards numbers or intellectual calibre. The presence of such an assemblage entirely refutes the statement that Brooklyn will not support a first class theatrical company. Standing room was not to be had in the lower part of the house, and every seat from parquet to amphitheatre was occupied, and that, too, at a dollar and a half for reserved seats, with the weather as bad as it could be, a cold rainy night, with slushy streets, being one of the obstacles which usually prevent full houses. The drama performed was "Ours," with most of the scenery from the home establishment, and the result, of course, was one of the most complete representations ever given at the Academy. The disposition thus made by Mr. Wallack of the unemployed portion of this double company must have been a very profitable one, both in its pecuniary results, as well as in spreading the popularity of the Wallackian style of dramatic representation. Once a week, for the remainder of the season, would doubtless pay handsomely......At the Park Theatre the attraction has been the clever mechanical and scenic representation of the "Ocean Yacht Race," arranged by Tyrrell, the scenic artist of the theatre. This, with the drama of the "Rose of Amiens," tolerably well performed only, and the farce of the "Good for Nothing," in which Mrs. Henri makes a feature of the character of Nan, has drawn poor houses during the week.

THE OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON at Montreal, C. E., gave a dramatic performance of "The Serious Family" and "Lend Me Five Shillings" at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Feb. 6th, under the stage management of Vining Bowers, the well known comedian.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE did a very good business last week at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. A correspondent says:—"They opened here on the 4th to over $1,200, and on Tuesday and Wednesday averaged over a thousand dollars. I think, from present appearances, they will do well here. They are going to produce the 'Enchantress,' with Mr. Richings as the Doctor; Castle as the Prince; Campbell as the Duke; Wylie as Nuguet, and Henry Peaks as Forti Brachio; with full chorus and complete *ballet*, the stockholders offering them every facility to bring out the opera in grand style. They will use Balfe's original music, and not Doctor Cunnington's as heretofore. They will also give the opera in the same style in New York."

SHERRY'S COMPANY closed at Lancaster, Pa., on the 9th inst.

RACHEL JOHNSON AND B. MACAULEY were the stars last week at the Athenæum, Detroit. The season at the Athenæum closed on the 9th, and the company were to open at Grand [illegible] 11th.

THEATRICALS IN COLUMBUS, Ohio, up to Feb. 7th, are thus spoken of by a correspondent:—"At the Athenæum, John Weaver took a benefit on the 3d inst, to the largest house of the season. The bill consisted of the 'American Farmer,' 'Paddy Miles,' interspersed with miscellaneous acts, including Charley Austin's Musket Drill. Among the volunteers were Mr. Emery McDermith, the Western Dramatic Association, Fitch, Rankin and Masters James and Albert White. Mr. McDermith as Harry, in the 'Limerick Boy,' was excellent. Blesch as Paddy made a decided hit. The Dr. Coats of Pap Miller was fine, as was also the Job of Sandy May. Masters James and Albert White executed a clog dance in fine style. They are becoming great favorites here. The stock did well, and is constantly improving."

JOSEPH PROCTOR was the star attraction at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, the past week. A correspondent says:—"Business has been good. He opened on the 4th in 'Macbeth,' followed the next three nights by 'Ambition,' 'Nick of the Woods' and the 'Roman Slave.' For his benefit on the 8th, 'William Tell' is announced. He closes here on the 9th, followed by Estelle Potter."

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY from Louisville, Ky., played in New Albany, Ind., on the 4th, 5th and 6th inst, with John E. Owens as the star. Mr. Owens was to leave for New Orleans, and the company were to go thence to Fort Wayne, Madison and Lemington.

BLANCHE DE BAR made her *debut* at the new Memphis Theatre on the 4th, before a large and fashionable audience. She received a very warm and cordial reception. The piece selected for the opening was "All that Glitters is not Gold," in which Miss De Bar appeared as Martha Gibbs. A correspondent says:—"She gave a very fine impersonation of the character of the factory girl. Miss De Bar has a fine stage presence, and she is gifted with a most intelligent and expressive countenance, while her voice is melodious and pleasing. She has good taste in regard to costume, and appears at all times quite at home on the stage. In some of her scenes as Martha she displayed much pathos, and when called on to defend her character she was equal to the occasion. Her eye flashed fire with indignation, and she showed by her excellent acting that she was a true descendant of the Booth family. The afterpiece was the 'Comical Countess,' in which Miss De Bar sustained the character of Katherine with much dash and *abandon*. Altogether, Miss De Bar achieved a decided triumph and richly deserved the flattering reception she met with. Last night (Feb. 5th) Miss De Bar appeared as Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' and fully maintained the good impression she had made on the previous evening......Ristori appeared last night (5th) at the Greenlaw Opera House in the character of Medea. She had a fair house but not a full one. She is not a success here, financially speaking, as the prices ($3 a seat) could only be obtained for a few seats. The prices were lowered to two dollars and one dollar and fifty cents."

OF "THE WHITEBOY," one of Tom Taylor's new pieces, produced at the Boston Museum, an exchange says:—"Although the plot presents no new or original devices, the incidents are lively and interesting, and the whole is put together with the dramatist's well known skill. The action is supposed to take place in Ireland just previous to the rebellion of 1798, in which the Fenian-like organization of the Whiteboys played a prominent part. The story involves the loves and marriage of Redman O'Hara and Grace Dwyer, two elegant specimens of the 'pisantry,' and their subsequent troubles through false accusations of perfidy against Grace, circumstances greatly aiding a villainous fellow named Paddy McKew in his malicious designs of cutting their loves asunder. Of course everything is finally explained satisfactorily and all goes 'merry as a marriage bell.' There is an under plot with another love story running through it, but after all the greater share of the interest of the spectator centres in the comical adventures of a London lawyer, Cicero Rabbits, who has visited Ireland on legal business, and who gets fearfully hazed by the Whiteboys. This character is not directly connected with the story and might as well be out of it as in it, so far as the continuity of the tale is concerned, but the play would be comparatively a tame affair without him. The part is admirably played by Mr. Warren, who infuses his rare humor into all the scenes in which he appears."

CHARLES BARRON continued the star at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo. During the past week he essayed the characters of Ruy Blas and Richelieu in the dramas of the same name, and that of Frank Annerly in "Favorite of Fortune." Our correspondent says:—"I cannot recollect when I have seen a piece better played, especially upon a first representation, than was the 'Favorite of Fortune' by the stock company. The parts were well distributed, and the various characters received a correct rendition from the stock. The plot is shallow, but the language of the dialogue is fresh and sparkling, and not far fetched, as is frequently the case, and the comedy will be gratefully received as a valuable addition to the comparatively few meritorious plays now on the boards. The Frank Annerly of Mr. Barron was *en rapport* with the author's idea of the character, and its excellent representation evoked two calls before the baize. G. Mortimer was better than he usually is, as Major Price. B. G. Rogers was himself as Fox Bromley. James Harrison made as good a Tom Sutherland as any one could wish to see. Mrs. D. Myron, as the putative Hester Lovington, made a favorable impression, and Mrs. James Dickson—our vivacious *soubrette*—was *au fait* as Lucy Lovington. Jennie Wilton made a nervous and therefore good Effie Witherby. The remainder of the cast were equally good in proportion to the requirements of their respective *roles*. 'Richelieu' and 'Favorite of Fortune' were so well received that they were repeated with considerable success. Jean Hosmer, our own townswoman, commences here next (this) week......Blanche De Bar, the Worrell Sisters, Frank Mayo (his third engagement the present season), Edwin Adams, Dan Bryant, Joseph Proctor, J. H. Hackett, and J. W. Wallack, also appear during the season. Mr. Barron, for his benefit this evening (Feb. 8) produces the 'Fool's Revenge' and 'Widow's Victim,' in both of which plays he appears."

LEO HUDSON with her steed "Sensation" was the principal attraction at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week. Our correspondent, "Mose," says: "She opened with 'Mazeppa' on the 4th, supported by her own company, to one of the largest houses of the season. For a first representation 'Mazeppa' passed off smoothly. It was well put on the stage, and the character well sustained. Leo Hudson was satisfactory in the *role* of Mazeppa. Mr. C. Warwick, as the King of Tartary; W. V. Malmburgh, as Thamar; L. E. Barker, as Drolinsko; Kate Frazer, as Zemila; and Miss F. Simmons, as Olinska, are deserving of praise for the careful and judicious manner in which they sustained their several parts. The remaining members of the company sustained their characters with credit. The trained horse, 'Sensation,' also deserves his full share of praise. 'Mazeppa' held the boards three nights, and gave room for 'Rookwood' on the 7th, with Miss Hudson in the character of Dick Turpin. Miss Hudson came to our city unheralded and a stranger, yet she has succeeded in doing what her predecessors could not do, viz.: filling the house nightly, which must be the more gratifying from the fact that such first class stars as Mayo, Dillon, Jean Hosmer, Chanfrau and others, played to bad business. So you see, the Trojans go heavy on the illegitimate drama. Miss Hudson, I understand, is re-engaged for next (this) week. There has been quite a change in the management of the Griswold Opera House since my last. Manager Sefton gave his last performance on Feb. 2d, and the company broke up the same night. He sold out his house for the balance of the season to ex-Manager W. D. Van Arnum, who, in conjunction with Mr. L. H. Everitt, will hereafter conduct the Opera House. I understand the management is now in negotiation with the Olympic Theatre Company, and that they will shortly appear in our city to fill out the balance of the dramatic season."

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS remain at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, until the 23d of the present month. Their engagement in the Quaker City has been quite successful, their business during the many weeks they have been there having been of a highly remunerative character. At the conclusion of their performances in Philadelphia they open at the Broadway, New York.

CHARLES DILLON was to have opened at the Milwaukee, Wis., Theatre on the 4th inst. "But," says our correspondent, "for some reason best known to himself, he failed to come to time. This caused not only a great disappointment to a large audience, but to the management as well. Had Mr. D., played his engagement, business would no doubt have been excellent. A large number of seats had been reserved for the entire week and principally by those who seldom attend the theatre. Miss Claussen was re-engaged for two nights and appeared in the 'Woodland Wild Flower' and 'Little Treasure.' She was well supported by Messrs. Breyer, Wood, Wallace, Duncan, Franklin and Katie Putnam. On the 5th 'Little Barefoot' and 'Lean of a Lover' were produced to a fair house. Miss Claussen played her characters in fine style; she sings remarkably well, and generally plays very satisfactorily. Mr. Wallace is to be tendered a complimentary benefit on the 8th inst."

DAN BRYANT continued the star at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., last week. Our correspondent says:—"Mr. Bryant has proved to be a loadstone for the Metropolitan in this city. He has drawn larger houses and done a better business than any other star that preceded him. He has revived, in a measure, the drooping fortunes of our well managed theatre, and nightly has the house been filled. 'Shamus O'Brien' has been on the boards all this (last) week. Dan Bryant's singing of the 'Green Above the Red,' and his dancing the 'Ruction Jig' were nightly encored, while Little Mac carried the house by storm, and made a decided hit as the monkey, and as Simon O'Grady's servant, in 'Handy Andy.' His fight with Mr. Bryant, in the latter play, was one of the most comical things ever seen, while his dancing of the 'Essence,' and his jigs in 'Shamus O'Brien,' were excellent. Dan Bryant and Little Mac, henceforth, may consider themselves favorites here. To-night (Feb. 8th,) Mr. Bryant, Little Mac and our Mr. Riley, have volunteered their services, and will devote the proceeds towards the benefit of the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers. The plays selected are 'Handy Andy' and 'His Last Legs.' To-morrow night (Feb. 9th,) for his farewell benefit, Mr. Bryant and Little Mac appear in the 'Brides of Shannon,' a new Irish piece. From here he goes to Chicago, Feb. 18th, for two weeks; St. Louis, March 4th, two weeks; Milwaukee, two weeks; and Buffalo, and plays his last engagement in Philadelphia, April 8th, thus closing up his starring tour for this season. Felix A. Vincent and Miss Mollie Williams are due here on the 11th. Mr. Riley has secured a Miss Adams, from the East, as leading lady, and she will appear next (this) week."

SOL YEWELL, Jr., is said to be engaged writing a new three act drama entitled "Silent Love;" also dramatizing Wilkie Collins "No Name."

THE OPERA HOUSE at Louisville, Ky., will open on the 4th of March, with the spectacle of the "Ice Witch."

W. H. CRISP'S DRAMATIC FORCES were at Atlanta, Ga., at last advices, where they have been for several weeks. On the 6th, Jessie Armant took a benefit, and Ed. Bohn was up for a similar affair on the 8th inst.

IN BOSTON, our correspondent, "Gobbo," says:—"Nothing very stirring or striking in the shape of theatrical novelty, excepting the two new plays at the Museum, has been presented to the public since my last. Tom Taylor's Irish drama of the 'White Boy' was taken off the boards of this house, notwithstanding the crowded audiences it attracted, to make way for Wilkie Collins' drama of the 'Frozen Deep.' This drama's plot is founded on the old Scotch belief of second sight, and one act transpires in England, one in the Arctic regions, and the third on an island. The drama savors very strongly of the imaginary, and is excellently worked out in all its details. Mr. Shewell plays an excellent part admirably, and Miss Clark is quite interesting and powerful in a small and ungrateful one. Mr. Warren has nothing to do as John Ward, and Mr. Harris does nothing with his part. The scenery is very beautiful, all being new and excellently well set. The drama will run until further notice. 'My Turn Next,' the latest London farce, is in rehearsal......At the Howard Athenæum Mr. W. H. Collings has occupied one night with his benefit. Miss Fannie Marsh another in the same way. Mr. Collings presented a drama taken from one of Pierce Egan's novels, entitled the 'Scarlet Letter,' and 'Sixteen String Jack,' and Miss Marsh, the 'French Spy.' Mr. Nagle, the star of the week, appearing, together with the entire company. Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Roch, who was to play the principal character in the first piece, Mr. Thomas Burns, a member of the company, seldom brought before the public in parts of but small calibre, was called upon at only an hour before the rising of the curtain to undertake the part. He consented and succeeded in a manner without parallel in Boston. Not only was he perfect in the part, but he performed it with so much excellence as to receive a call before the curtain, and to exhibit dramatic ability of high standard. Mr. Collings, in his speech to the audience, complimented him in the highest terms, and I am only too glad to make record of his distinguished success. Mr. Jos. E. Nagle has played to very fair houses and is succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport in a new drama from the French, entitled 'Columbus, or the Discovery of America.'......The 'Black Crook' still attracts large crowds at the Continental, with the *ballet* feature strengthened by the engagement of Annetta Galletti and Mons. Cardella......Mrs. Bowers has been playing her usual round of characters at the Boston Theatre to fair houses only. Next (this) week the 'Streets of New York' is to be revived, with Frank Mayo as Badger."

THE DURANG TESTIMONIAL.—The executive committee entrusted with the affairs of this benefit recently given in Philadelphia, report that the total receipts were $2,353, and the expenses $515 07 leaving a balance of $1,837 97, which sum was handed over to Mr. Durang.

TO HELP ALONG the pantomime now being performed at the Arch, Philadelphia, a comedietta entitled "The Wager" was given during the past week. It is by a Philadelphia lady, and is pronounced a success.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS is at the Walnut, Philadelphia, opening on the 11th in the play of "Leah, the Forsaken."

BENEFITS are in order at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa. J. F. Hagan leads off on the 11th with the "Rent Day" and "Luke the Laborer," interspersed with a recitation of "Shamus O'Brien" and a skating scene by John Engler. The "Octoroon" is presented on the 12th, and on the 13th Harry Hotto takes a ben, producing the "Old Dutch Governor," "Wandering Stevie," and other performances.

JENNY PARKER made her *debut* in San Francisco Jan. 14, at Maguire's Opera House, as the Colleen Bawn, which was repeated on the 15th, and followed on the 16th with "Arrah Na Pogue," Jenny appearing as Arrah Meelish. This piece was repeated on the 17th. Jenny closed her engagement on Jan. 21st.

THE WEBB SISTERS are at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, opening on the 11th in "Fanchon."

"THE BLACK CROOK."—Mr. H. L. Meech has purchased the right from Mr. Charles Barras for one thousand dollars to produce the "Black Crook" in Rochester. Monday, Feb. 18th, is announced for the introduction of the famous spectacle.

EDWIN VARRY'S address at present, and until March 4th, is at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., afterwards care of C. T. Parsloe, this city. See advertisement.

THE LAFAYETTE (Ind.) OPERA HOUSE was opened on Tuesday, Feb. 5th, by Raymond's Dramatic Combination. On the 6th "Our American Cousin" was played. Miss M. E. Gordon made a hit as Mary Meredith, and Minnie in the farce of "Somebody Else." Our correspondent says:—"The company is a good one, comprising among its members Chas. Carroll Hicks, Norman, Ed. S. Marble, Barnard, W. H., Stuart Jarvis, Mrs. Foster, Miss Douglas, and Mrs. Hamilton. This is fast becoming the best theatrical city in the State, owing to the enterprising lessee of the Opera House, P. B. Levison."

KATE FISHER, with W. M. Holland's Dramatic Company, was at Bloomington, Ill., last week.

Negro Minstrelsy.

LA RUE'S CARNIVAL MINSTRELS, says the *Washington Intelligencer*, drew another crowded house last night to witness these really eminent Ethiopian artists, who embrace a combination of delightfully sweet music, singing and laughable burlesques and imitations of the sublime, pictured in side splitting comicalities of the ridiculous. The audience was composed of some of the most aristocratic families in the city, and the performances were readily distinguishable from the usual "common-place" jokes of such entertainments as itinerant bands of minstrels sometimes disgust respectable audiences with. We take pleasure in specially mentioning the overture, the burlesque opera and the cornet solo, as the most agreeable and extraordinary instrumental music that we have enjoyed in many a day, and the clog dances by Messrs. Kanane, West and the Utica Boys were really remarkable, while the jokes of Purdy and Eagan kept the house in a roar. The melodies were sweetly sung, and the instrumental music was all that could have been desired. The conundrums and witticisms were not only good, but possessed the rare quality of being *new*. With such eminent artists in their line as Wheaton, Sweet, Eagan, Brandisi, Purdy and Church, and under the management of such an excellent and accomplished manager as La Rue, these minstrels cannot fail to draw well, sing well and please all who hear them.

FRENCH'S MINSTRELS disbanded at Alliance, O., last week. Cause: want of stamps.

A LOCAL BAND OF MINSTRELS have been doing the "Shadow Pantomime" at Miller's Hall, Mansfield, Ohio. The Mansfield *Herald* says, "Everybody is delighted with the entertainment."

MANAGERS desiring a cloggist, wench, song and dance, and general performer, will find Jerry Dashington's address by referring to our advertising columns.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are traveling East again on a flying trip, stopping only one night at each place, previous to their departure for the Canadas and the West. They appeared at New Haven, Ct., Feb. 5th; Waterbury, 6th; Norwalk, 7th; Danbury, 8th; Stamford, 9th and 11th. The troupe is well received, and is giving great satisfaction, we are informed. The Albany *Post*, of Jan. 28th, speaks of them in the following high terms:—"Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels opened at Tweddle Hall last evening. They gave an extraordinary entertainment—full of fun and novelty. They introduced a new scene—The Theatrical Agency. This is one of the best extravaganzas we ever saw. It is the broadest kind of broad farce and running over with merriment. It furnished folks laughter enough to keep them in good humor for a month. The Theatrical Agency is a big thing. Go and see it."

COOL BURGESS is at present at his home in Toronto, C. W., resting from his traveling tour.

THE MACEDONIAN MINSTRELS gave a concert on Tuesday evening, Feb. 5th, on board the U. S. S. Macedonian, off Annapolis, Md., which proved a great success and creditable to all concerned. The company were well rewarded by a vast audience, composed of a great number of men belonging to the Naval Academy, with a numerous list of citizens and officers of the navy. Our correspondent says:—"The fancy dance by Mdlle. Hughes created great applause, and was admirably executed. The Utica Boys (Master Traynor and Master Owens) performed their parts in the Double Plantation Jig and The Nerves to perfection, and were loudly encored. The Stump Orator, J. P. Bentley; the Irish comedian, Johnny Roach; and the negro delineator, Jim Crow, all acquitted themselves in a manner which reflects upon them great praise. Some first rate burlesques were performed which elicited much laughter. Master Traynor in his song and dance gave satisfaction, and his performances with Master Owens were certainly masterpieces. "Matrimonial Sweets" was executed by Messrs. Gordon and Hughes. Messrs. Townsend, Perkins, Evans and Houden also sang a quartet. The performance was kept up till a late hour, it being about 12 o'clock before the curtain dropped for the last time. The whole troupe consists of 16 performers, and it must be said that their performances are decidedly good. They hope to be enabled to give their patrons another grand entertainment before departing for their summer cruise." Boys in the gallery are requested not to throw peanuts on to the stage.

CHASE'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment on the 4th inst., in the American Hall, at Horse Heads, N. Y., to a good house. C. Lane and Geo. Roberts were the end men. A correspondent says:—"The Mocking Bird, with imitations by C. E. Howard, was well rendered, as was also Love's Chidings by H. De Coelis. The burlesques were very funny. The manager announced the engagement of Chas. H. De Forrest, personator of female character and fancy dancer, who appeared in several of his dances, which were received with applause. This is a first-class troupe, and deserve good houses wherever they appear. They are billed for an appearance in Elmira on Feb. 15th."

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS are to be in Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 19th.

LLOYD & BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS are meeting with unqualified success among the people of the East; at least such is the verdict of the press of that section of Uncle Sam's dominions, from which we make the following quotations. The *Press* of Hartford, says of their appearance at Allyn Hall on the 4th inst: "About the most crowded audience ever present at a minstrel entertainment in this city was that at Allyn Hall last evening, and it is not saying too much when we add that it was throughout the best entertainment of the kind that we have ever attended. Of the comedians, Cal. Wagner and Charley Reynolds kept the audience convulsed during the evening, both with their acting and jokes, which were marked with originality and freshness. Then of the singers, there was M. Ainsley Scott, Bidaux, Jackson and Murphy, making the finest of quartets. Johnny Booker created a sensation in the second part by his comicalities, and we were right glad to welcome him back after an absence of several years. Henry Stanwood played 'that bango solo' just as it should be, and, as a matter of course, 'brought down the house' and received an *encore*. Delehanty and Hengler, the cloggists of the troupe, are of more than usual ability, and these, the stars of the troupe, were admirably supported by an excellent company. The whole concluded with the laughable 'Shadow Pantomime,' which is full of fun. To-night the company repeat the entertainment, with a change of programme." The Springfield *Republican* also says: "Lloyd & Bidaux's company gave the best minstrel entertainment ever heard in this city, at Music Hall, last evening, and will repeat it, with a change of programme, to-night."

BEN COTTON'S MINSTRELS were to be at Manchester, N. H., on the 12th inst.

THE PERUVIAN BALLET TROUPE is the latest novelty at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, the *corps* being expressly selected for duty in the burlesque of the "Black Crook, or the Palace of Huge Drops," now meeting with great success. Just fancy John Mulligan attired in tights and short skirts, and dancing soloes, *pas de deux* with Hughes, etc., and you can imagine what fun the Peruvian *ballet* make. Go early, or you will have difficulty in securing seats.

LLOYD AND BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS so far have met with a very favorable reception in their initial performances in Connecticut and Massachusetts. This week they try New York State, commencing at Albany on the 11th. We hear it reported that the managers have already reduced the number of their forces, several summary dismissals having taken place since our last.

WHITMORE AND CLARK'S MINSTRELS closed a good stay in Montreal, C. W., on the 8th inst. A correspondent says:—"Every night the house was crowded, and the different parts were loudly applauded. Geo. Clark pleased all present by his fine rendition of the 'Grave Digger,' 'Hard Times,' &c. Hank White created roars of laughter whenever he appeared. The triple clog dance of Messrs. Stiles, Phelps and Armstrong was very fine. I notice a new face on the boards with this troupe. Dr. Franklin Clements, balladist, has joined them, and elicits rounds of applause for his rendition of 'Tis Sweet to be Remembered,' 'The Refugee,' etc.

Music Halls.

AT VALER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, Miss Mary Baxter, formerly doing singing parts at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and Mr. Tillewein, an efficient baritone, are singing operatic duets. First class vocalists are wanted at this establishment. See advertisement.

THE ROLLANDE BROTHERS, with M. John Denier, commence at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, on March 1st.

THE VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., says a correspondent, "is doing well. Billy Manning has left for the East, with the best wishes of many friends. There is a full turn out every night at this place of amusement. To-night (Jan. 31st,) Mr. Tim Woodruff, considered a good negro delineator, appears. He will be well supported by the company, with Charley White (?) at the head of the string."

THE OLYMPIC, Memphis, is said to be doing a fine business. Sig. and Signorita Ximenes are the cards at this establishment. They are dancers and pantomimists. A correspondent writing on Feb. 1st, says:—"Under its new management, it is rapidly becoming popular. I dropped in last night and witnessed an excellent entertainment. A large audience filled the auditorium, while the varied character of the programme pleased me."

FOX'S COMBINATION TROUPE, at the New American, Philadelphia, is reported as being a decided success. Miss Sophie Walton, from St. Louis, has created quite a *furore*. Larry Tooley has also made a hit in the *Corps-de-Ethiope*; in fact, the entire company have made their mark. We are told the Delevante Brothers and Chas. E. Collins—the Cure—joined the *corps* on Monday, the 11th inst.

FITZ SIMMONS opened at the Varieties, Detroit, on the 4th, to a crowded house, as Yankee Billy in the drama of the "Belle of New York," with J. S. Edwards as Marie Clifford; Harry Clifford as Irish Tommy; Fannie Archer as Belle Vernon; Jennie Allen as the Red Witch; and Miss Naomi Porter as Jemima. Pete Lee and Saidee and Hattie Rogers commenced on the 7th.

THE VARIETIES, Savannah, Ga., is the name of a new place of amusement lately opened by Kimbro and Welch. The company engaged there last week consisted of the following: Emma and Edith Whiting, Joe Davidson, Billy Gray, Johnny Cole and Johnny Mitchell.

THE OLYMPIC, New Orleans, is now a fixed institution, and Bob Hart certainly has every reason to feel highly gratified at the success which has so far attended his enterprise. Good songs, dances, Ethiopian eccentricities, acrobatic feats, and besides all this the privilege of enjoying a rejuvenating potion of something during the performance, served up by a beautiful and fascinating angel in tilting hoops, is something which can never fail to draw like a magnet in a city like New Orleans, where so many fast notions prevail. Several weeks ago our correspondent announced Bob Hart's intention of allowing his people a holiday on Sundays. Since then, however, a change of tactics has taken place, and performances are given on the Sabbath day.

THE PANTOMIME of the "House that Jack Built" is still drawing good houses at the Academy, New Orleans. The performance on the 1st was for the benefit of the Southern Hospital Association.

J. L. SANFORD and Nellie Sanford, the former a comedian, singist and versatile actor, and the latter juvenile and walking ladies, may be engaged by addressing as instructed in their card in our advertising columns.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Pittsburgh, Pa., is meeting with success under the management of Mr. T. W. Myers. This week "Cherry and Fair Star" is to be produced, with J. P. Sutton, Miller Beall, H. W. Williams, Susie Summerfield, Leona Cavender, Lucy Clifton and Ida De Vere in the cast.

AUGUSTA still shines on at the Comique, Boston. This week "Jack and the Beanstalk," with Maffit and Bartholomew, and a new *ballet*, with Augusta, will be given.

CARR'S VARIETIES, Buffalo, says a correspondent, was attended by slim audiences last week. Johnny Perkins and Johnny Morrissey were up for a joint benefit on the 8th inst. The female minstrel scene has been discontinued, and a regular miscellaneous variety entertainment is now given. The "Comic Ventriloquisms" of Jim Campbell were the prominent and most successful feature of last week's bill.

SAM COLLYER remains at R. S. Parker's Opera House, Richmond, Va., until and including Tuesday evening, 2d inst., and will be at Petersburgh, 13th and 14th; at Norfolk Opera House, for a benefit, on 15th; and at Fred Aims', Pittsburgh, Pa., Monday, 18th, for one week, after which he will be in New York.

Circuses.

A NUMBER of live curiosities are wanted by a well known showman for a side show. See his advertisement elsewhere for particulars.

A LOT of Side Show stock for sale, including wagons and canvas, just the articles for any one wishing to follow a Circus this summer. See advertisement.

WHO WANTS AN AGENT?—Those who do should not fail to read R. A. North's card in our advertising columns, by which it will be seen that he has had quite an extended experience, and has got down in his cranium the geography of most of the Canadas and the United States to a dot.

MIKE LIPMAN'S CIRCUS is still traversing the South. On the 17th inst. they pitch canvas at Columbus, Ga.

A LOT OF CIRCUS PROPS are advertised in this week's CLIPPER for sale. For a list of what is to be disposed of see advertisement in another column.

HIRAM MARKS, a well known grotesque clown and jester, desires an engagement with some first class company, and advertises to that effect in another column.

Miscellaneous.

A TRICK DOG is advertised for sale in another column.

GEORGE C. DOBSON has gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, to remain and give instructions on the banjo.

PROF. AND MAD. MACALLISTER were at Columbus, Ohio, last week.

THE ELLINGER AND FOOTE COMBINATION is said to have been successful in Indiana and Ohio. On the 4th inst. they were at Madison, Ind. Our correspondent, writing from Madison on the 4th, says: "Their route from here is Aurora, Ind.; Hamilton, Ohio; Dayton, Ohio; and Richmond, Ind. They did a fine business at Cincinnati and Louisville; in fact, every place—people are turned away—although the weather is awfully cold."

THE QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE plays at Waukeegan, Wis., on Feb. 13th and 14th; Kenosha, 15th; Racine, 16th and 17th; Milwaukee, 19th; Watertown, 20th; Janesville, 21st and 22d; Madison 23d and 25th; Beloit, 26th; Belvidere, 27th; Rockford, Ill., 28th and March 1st, and Freeport, March 2d.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON was on exhibition at the Greenlaw Opera Hall, (not Opera House) Memphis, Tenn., the week ending Feb. 2. A correspondent says: "It is becoming decidedly popular. The views of Ireland are beautifully painted, and many of the historic points of the 'Gem of the Sea' are presented in the most vivid manner to the eye."

FRANK UFFNER left Memphis Feb. 1st for New Orleans. Frank has been East for performers for Bidwell, of the Academy of Music; also for Bob Hart.

A CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT is offered in another column by James Heywood, who wishes to dispose of the instructive and interesting spectacle of the Holy Land in tableaux, a large car, photographic gallery, and mirror of modern and ancient Jerusalem, etc.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE opened at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 6th, for a season of four nights. As stated in last week's CLIPPER, they have indeed had a hard time, being snowed up several times in Delaware and Pennsylvania, and obliged to travel by faked up conveyances on more than one occasion. The party are now all serene, and give as fine a hall show as any troupe traveling. Mr. Carter has some good talent, and he deserves praise for the manner in which he has improved and augmented his company. The Indian Basket Feat forms a prominent feature, and is cleverly done. The optical illusion, entitled "Spectral Shades or Phantom Illusions," or, as the bills have it, 'Playing with Ghosts; or a Trip to the Moon,' is another feature, and is well given.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN BROTHERS' address is wanted by R. FOX. See advertisement.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE is to perform at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on Tuesday, Feb. 19; Janesville, 21 and 22; Madison, 23 and 25; Beloit, 26; Belvidere, 27; Rockford, 28 and March 1; Freeport, 2 and 4; Dixon, 5; Amboy, 6; La Salle, 7; Ottawa, 8; Morris, 9; Jolliet, 11, and Bloomington, Ill., 12, 13 and 14.

MCCLELLAND'S HALL, Crawfordsville, Ind., having a seating capacity of eight hundred, with a surrounding population of five thousand, has been recently re-fitted and re-decorated, and may be rented by addressing Daniel Gilkey, as instructed in advertisement.

MASTER DUDLEY WALLER, the infant orator, appeared in Massillon, O., last week.

THE "HUTCHINSONS" (tribe of Asa) keep on the "even *tenore* of their way in the West.

JAS. S. JACKWAY advertises in the CLIPPER for a position as traveling agent.

A NEW HALL, at Alliance, Ohio, is this week receiving its last coat of paint. It is to be called Concert Hall.

WHO WANTS A SERMON, A SPEECH, LETTER, or any other sort of composition written for them? Those who do should address box 42, Lexington, Mass, as stated in advertisement.

COMMERCIAL HALL, Canton, Ohio, has lately been condemned under the State law, being considered unsafe in case of fire. The court room is now rented for exhibitions.

A MUSICIAN who is competent as a leader, also six ladies for the ballet, are wanted by George H. Maxwell. See advertisement.

CHARLES I. PHELON has joined Mr. Waldron in the duties of assistant agent for the Alleghanians. Mr. P. was for many years manager of the "Williams Whaling Voyage."

THE DORMER SISTERS, Alice and Melinda, vocalists and *danseuses*, desire engagements. Address Miss Alice as per advertisement in another column.

THE CONTINENTALS, comprising Smith, Watson, Rodgers and Bernard Covert (formerly associated with Ossian E. Dodge), are concertising in Indiana; they are *en route* East.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers were engaged to appear before the Neptune Association, Springfield, O., January 28th. Five hundred complimentary tickets were issued by the society. It was the grand affair of the season.

HIS HONOR(?) the Mayor of Salem, Ohio, strictly refuses to grant license to any show or concert troupe, unless the Town Council are first furnished with complimentary tickets. He says that *dead head passes* to shows is "all that they get for holding the (*honorable*) position." So the poor traveling showmen are fleeced to keep up their city government. Let showmen make no salaam to Salem.

J. BRUCE is prepared to furnish showmen with anything required in his line. He is also ready, at the shortest notice, to produce every kind of painting. For his address see advertisement.

A PANORAMA of fifty tableau paintings, representing scenes in Oriental life, with electrotype plates, cuts, etc., are advertised for sale cheap in this week's CLIPPER. For further particulars see advertisement.

AN OLD VIOLIN is advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER by John Sivori.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL are meeting with the greatest success in their entertainment at the Music Hall, Boston, we are told, and deservedly so.

THE APOCALYPSE EXHIBITION attracted large houses in Indianapolis the past week, says a correspondent. This week the show is in St. Louis, Mo.

WALDEN'S OPERA HOUSE, Paterson, N.J., is offered for sale, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere. As a place of amusement it is said to be just the thing, being provided with all that is necessary for a first class dramatic performance. This is a chance for any one wishing to enter the show business.

THE PAREPA CONCERT TROUPE gave a concert in Hoboken the other evening, but the romantic residents of that bare summer resort remained at home, and Parepa sang to a desolate house.

SHOWMEN will find in our advertising columns a good chance for a bargain in a side show.

FATHER KEMP commenced a six nights' stay in Cincinnati on the 7th inst., at Mozart Hall.

JOB PRINTING, both plain and fancy, and executed in the best style, for showmen and others, is done by W. D. Brickham, of Dayton, O., who is also proprietor of the Dayton, O., *Journal*. Orders for bill posting may also be sent to the same establishment, care of Wm. Wolf. See advertisement.

PROF. J. MACALLISTER is at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., commencing on the 12th inst.

THE PEAK FAMILY continue at Maryland Institute, Baltimore.

ALF. BURNETT is holding forth at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th, it being W. H. Andrews (the stage manager's) night, produced the fine old English play of the "Poor Gentleman," and the sparkling farce of "Hunting a Turtle," to a crowded house of appreciative auditors, composed mostly of ladies. Our correspondent "Footlights," writes:—"W. H. Andrews, as Sir Robert Bramble, the argument loving Baronet, had a capital make-up and performed that eccentric character to the life, while his worthy coadjutor, J. Burns, as Humphrey Dobbins, gave better support than some of our stars receive on the regular boards. Mr. E. E. Hullish, as Doctor Ollapod, shone pre-eminently throughout the play, receiving that applause which his rendition of the character deserved. F. Vincent furnished an excellent impersonation of Sir Chas. Cropland. Mr. W. S. Dye, as Frederick Bramble, was acceptable, although a little flurried in some of his scenes. Mr. Maccollin was good as Lieut. Worthington (the Poor Gentleman), investing the part with proper dignity and feeling. Mr. Keene dislayed considerable hesitancy in the reading of Corporal Foss, which led me to suppose that he was not well up in his lines; his appearance, however, was all that could be wished for. The charming character of Emily Worthington found a worthy representative in Miss Claire, who is, undoubtedly, one of the most talented lady amateurs I have ever seen. Miss Chalton was amusing in the part of the Honorable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab. The farce of 'Hunting a Turtle,' was never better performed by the Wheatley, with whom it has long been a favorite afterpiece."

THE MURDOCH DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION surprised Co. A of the Seventy-ninth Regiment at their quarters, corner of Broome and Mercer streets, on Monday evening, Feb. 4th, and notwithstanding the mud and the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was good. Capt. Manson and his command received their guests with hospitality, and by their presence and bearing added greatly to the good feeling and enjoyment which continued without flagging the entire evening. Everything being in readiness, the advance guard, at about 10 o'clock, took possession of the room, and were augmented by additions until one, when the floor becoming somewhat crowded, the ladies took advantage of the favorable time for commencing supper arrangements. The captain made a speech, which was received by the command with heartiness and good will. The masks being laid aside, the reporter was enabled to note the dresses of the ladies, but will only have space, therefore, to mention a few of the most conspicuous: Mrs. W—b as Lady Gay; Miss M. R. S-m-s as Maritana, whose representation of the character and by play of the tambourine were worthy of the professional boards; Mrs. J-k-n, of Fifty-third street, as a Sultana; Miss C-p-r, as Edith Plantagenet; Mr. and Mrs. L—w, as Kenneth, the Knight, and Joan D'Arc; Mrs. A-k-n, as a Sister of Charity, whose downcast and attractive features bore out the character to the life; Miss R-che, in a court dress of the time of Louis XIV, whose form and appearance, dress, *tout ensemble*, would require the author of the "Three Guardsmen" to illustrate; Miss M-r-n, as a Postillion, was piquant; Miss P-g-t, as Helen McGregor, did honor to the Tartan; Misses B-r-ter and W—b, as Vivandieres; Mrs. M-n-ly, as a Savoyard; Miss M-l-v-le, in Greek costume, whose trippings on the light fantastic toe were a study; and some half dozen young ladies as Orientalists, who, not having laid their masks aside, precludes my giving initials. An incident of the evening was a gentleman dressed as Robinson Crusoe, whose appearance elicited a burst of "Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe." Another, as Mephistophiles, "created more than special wonder." Mr. W—b, as Jack Sheppard, was thoroughly artistic. Long after the "wee short hours" the company broke up, fully convinced that the Highlanders were the party with whom to "while awa' the time."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS were in St. Petersburgh, Russia, at last advices.

STEPHEN MASSETT, well known as Jeems Pipes, arrived in London, Eng., Jan. 23d. He will shortly make his *debut* there.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT TO THE MENKEN.—Another accident lately occurred to Miss Menken at the Gaite Theatre, Paris, during the performance of the "Pirates de la Savane." Her horse again fell, but this time the lady did not escape unhurt; she had an ear cut and an arm and leg severely bruised, and was not able to appear again that evening.

T. H. GLENNY, who played Shaun in this city in "Arrah Na Pogue," is in England, starring through the provinces.

ARTEMUS WARD has been prevented by sickness from continuing his entertainments at Egyptian Hall, London, Eng. On Wednesday evening, Jan. 23d, he was taken so sick that he had to leave the stage. The following medical certificate was circulated:—"Mr. Artemus Ward is now laboring under so much irritation of the mucous membrane of the vocal and respiratory organs as to wholly unfit him for public speaking, and I have consequently urged him to suspend, for a few weeks, his entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, to afford him an opportunity of recovering his health, when he can again resume his lectures.
"JOHN HASTINGS, M. D., January 24th, 1867."

AMUSEMENTS.

INTERNATIONAL
DRAMATIC MUSICAL
AND
EQUESTRIAN
AGENCY
649 BROADWAY 651
SHERIDAN CORBYN. HARRY WALL

ESTABLISHED TO FACILITATE ENGAGEMENTS, BUSINESS ARRANGEMENTS, AND PROFESSIONAL NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN MANAGERS, ARTISTS, AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—STOCK ARTISTS will not be required to deposit a booking fee in advance, as we propose only to receive monies for labor performed.

Send your name, address, terms (very lowest), line of business, etc.

Prompters will confer an obligation by forwarding each week a file of bills. 45-1t

FIRST CLASS STARS
WISHING TO VISIT CALIFORNIA
can enter into engagements of thirty or sixty nights at the
METROPOLITAN THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO,
which is the largest, best located and most popular Dramatic Temple on the Pacific Coast. Address
CORBYN & WALL'S
International Dramatic, Musical and Equestrian Agency,
45-1t 649 and 651 Broadway.

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS,
From the principal Theatres in Australia and California, where her success in COMEDY, TRAGEDY and IRISH AND SCOTCH FARCES has been unparalleled, is prepared to accept engagements for
SIX OR MORE NIGHTS,
IN FIRST CLASS THEATRES ONLY.
Address CORBYN & WALL'S
International Dramatic, Musical and Equestrian Agency,
45-1t 649 and 651 Broadway, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA.
FIRST CLASS MINSTREL AND VARIETY TALENT
can secure engagements at the
OLYMPIC THEATRE, San Francisco.
Address CORBYN & WALL'S,
International Dramatic, Musical and Equestrian Agency,
45-1t 649 and 651 Broadway.

THE ENGLISH PRIZE DRAMA, "True to the CORE," $5; Aurora Floyd (4 acts), $5; Fast Family, $3; Overland Route, $3; Sin and Sorrow, $1; Meg's Diversions, $1. Neighbors, $3. Address H. C. HUSTED, 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

RISTORI'S PLAYS and RECITATION BOOKS, (English Translation). Elizabeth Queen of England, Mary Stuart, Judith, Deborah (Leah), Adrienne Lecouvreur, Macbeth, Pia de Tolomei, Myrrha, Phædra, Medea, Oamma. 75 cents each. Address H. C. HUSTED, 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM & VAN AMBURGH'S MUSEUM
AND MENAGERIE COMBINATION.
Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2; EVENING AT 7¾;
BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE
MAGNIFICENT, RELIGIOUS, HISTORICAL, SPECTACULAR, ZOOLOGICAL DRAMA,
Written by the popular author,
MR. JOHN BROUGHAM,
Expressly for this Establishment, entitled the
CHRISTIAN MARTYRS,
with NEW and GORGEOUS SCENERY, SUPERB PROPERTIES, SPLENDID COSTUMES, and original MECHANICAL EFFECTS.
NEW and ORIGINAL MUSIC by the eminent composer,
THOMAS BAKER, ESQ.
A GRAND TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION
Will occur, in which the
VAN AMBURGH LIVING WILD ANIMALS
Will be introduced, together with
OVER 200 AUXILIARIES.
Characters will be sustained by the
TALENTED DRAMATIC COMPANY.
On exhibition at all hours, the
ENTIRE VAN AMBURGH COLLECTION
OF LIVING WILD ANIMALS,
INCLUDING A GIRAFFE, OVER 15 FEET HIGH,
A GIANT AND GIANTESS,
A LEOPARD CHILD,
TWO DWARFS, CIRCASSIAN GIRL,
GORDON CUMMING COLLECTION,
COSMORAMAS, LEARNED SEAL, HAPPY FAMILY, GRAND AQUARIA, HISTORICAL RELICS, and over
200,000 OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Admission 50 cts.
Corner of Broome street and Broadway.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE
of the highly brilliant engagement of the charming and captivating
WORRELL SISTERS,
THE GREAT DOUBLE BURLESQUE BILL.
AN IMMENSE HIT,
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
ALADDIN, THE WONDERFUL SCAMP,
AND
CINDERELLA.
abounding in Songs, Operatic Gems, Duets, Clog and Comic Dances, Local Hits, etc., etc.
Friday, Feb. 15, LAST BENEFIT OF MISS IRENE.
THE ELVES; OR, THE STATUE BRIDE,
will, by request, be presented for three nights only. Due notice will be given. MONDAY, FEB. 25,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
Seats should be secured six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11,
Last time of Nicolai's Grand Opera,
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,
produced on Saturday night with the
MOST ABSOLUTE SUCCESS.
The story is from Shakespeare's comedy, and is familiar. The music is of the most charming and delightful character.
The cast embraces all the artists of the Company, including HERMANNS in his celebrated impersonation of
FALSTAFF.
The mise en scene and costumes are excellent.
FREDERICI ROTTER JOHANNSEN FORMES.
TUESDAY, first time in many years of Wagner's
TANNHAUSER.
WEDNESDAY, last time of FAUST.
Prices remain the same as usual.
DRAMATIC PRICES ONLY.
MATINEE SATURDAY.

NEW YORK THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers......MARK SMITH & LEWIS BAKER.
Monday evening, Feb. 11, and every evening until further notice.
First time in this Theatre of the celebrated drama entitled the
TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN,
which will be produced with new scenery, costumes, original music, and an unprecedented cast, including
Mr. G. H. CLARKE (engaged expressly for this drama.)

Mr. JAMISON,	Mrs. WM. GOMERSAL,
Mr. LEWIS BAKER,	Mrs. WM. JAMISON,
Mr HUMPHREY BLAND,	(her first appearance).
Mr. WM. GOMERSAL,	Mrs. YEAMAN,
Mr. MARK SMITH.	MARIE WILKINS.

(her first appearance since her severe indisposition.)
The Managers take great pleasure in announcing an engagement with the distinguished comedienne and vocalist,
LADY DON,
who will make her first appearance on MONDAY, Feb. 18, in two of her favorite personations. Box book will be opened on WEDNESDAY.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
TONY PASTOR..........Sole Lessee and Proprietor
JOHN F. POOLE..........Acting Manager

First time of an entirely new Irish Drama, called
SHAN MACCOLLUM;
OR, THE IRISH REFUGEE.
NEW SCENERY, APPOINTMENTS, MUSIC, &c.
Thrilling Selections, Grand Tableaux, Startling Effects.

First time of a new Grand Ballet, entitled
THE SCOTTISH CHIEF.
First time of a new Ethiopian Comedietta,
JIM CROW ALIVE.
TONY PASTOR sings more NEW SONGS.
The entire company appears in a new
VARIETY PROGRAMME OF IMMENSE STRENGTH.
A Grand Family Matinee every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at half past two o'clock.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS,
720 BROADWAY. 720.

The greatest hit ever made in this city. The company and hall pronounced unsurpassed by the throngs of Ladies and Gentlemen who nightly attend this delightful Minstrel Entertainment.

CINDERLEON.	N Crowded Nightly. N	.NOEL REDNIC
MADAGASCAR	O O	RACSAGADAM
Ballet Troupe.	E E	.epuorT tellaB
DEMON DANCE	L L	ECNAD NOMED
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In addition to a programme remarkable for the refreshing novelties presented, The New and Screaming Burlesque Opera, The Two PRIMA DONNAS, THE ONLY LEON in TROVATORE, and EDWIN KELLY as the Great Director GROWL.

GRIFFIN & CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.
FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE,
ADJOINING FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.
G. W. H. GRIFFIN..........Manager

CONTINUED SUCCESS!
CROWDED HOUSES!
DELIGHTED AUDIENCES!
THIS PALACE OPERA HOUSE NIGHTLY THRONGED WITH THE ELITE OF THE CITY.
FOUR BIRDS OF PARADISE.
THE COCOA NUT DANCE.
GEO. CHRISTY continues to delight his many admirers, particularly with his "NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY GIRLS."
Continued appearances of
MR. CHARLES BENEDICT, Comedian.
Third week of the greatest living Ethiopian Comedian,
MR. OSCAR BURBANK.
GRIFFIN AND CHRISTY
45-1t IN NEW ACTS.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.
TONY PASTOR..........Lessee and Manager
GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
Tendered to
MRS. JAMES CONNOR,
(Widow of the late James Connor,)
By her numerous friends,
MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1867.
The BENEFICIAIRE takes pleasure in announcing that the free use of the establishment has been tendered by
TONY PASTOR,
together with the entire company at present engaged there, all of whom will appear in some of their most popular acts.
To further add to the interest of the occasion, and to make the affair as attractive as possible,
A HOST OF TALENTED ARTISTS
have volunteered and will appear in a variety of acts.
Among them will be the following:
A. M. HERNANDEZ,
One of the most Versatile Performers Living,
By permission of Mr. R. Hooley;
NELSE SEYMOUR,
The Popular Ethiopian Comedian,
By permission of Messrs. Kelly & Leon;
ARCHY HUGHES,
The great Song and Dance Man,
By permission of R. M. Hooley;
DICK RALPH,
Song and Dance,
By kind permission of Charley White;
JOHNNY ALLEN,
In a Popular Act,
By permission of Kelly & Leon;
LEW BRIMMER,
The Popular Banjoist,
By permission of Messrs. Birch, Wambold, Bernard & Backus.
HANK MASON,
In a Champion Jig Dance.
LIZZIE WHELPLEY,
The Pleasing Danseuse,
By permission of Charley White.
JAMES GAYNOR,
In a Favorite Banjo Solo.
Together with many others who have promised to appear.
TONY PASTOR
Will appear in some of his best Comic Songs, and the
ENTIRE PASTOR COMPANY
will assist in this grand entertainment, including
GEO. THOMPSON in a DUTCH FARCE.
TICKETS..........50 CENTS
REMEMBER MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 25TH.

TO A. O. O. F., AND OTHERS.
All letters for the undersigned, official or otherwise, must in future be addressed ALEX. FISHER,
45-1t* N. W. Cor. 12th and Coates st., Philad'a, Pa.

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line. A liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager..........WM. WHEATLEY
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1867,
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH PERFORMANCE
OF
THE BLACK CROOK,
with the
PARISIAN BALLET TROUPE,
AND THE
GORGEOUS TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
On this occasion it will be presented with
NEW COSTUMES, NEW MUSIC, NEW DANCES.

TWENTY-SIXTH GRAND MATINEE,
SATURDAY, FEB. 16, AT 1 O'CLOCK.
ADMISSION TO MATINEES.
Parquet and Dress Circle..........$1.00
Family Circle..........50
Curtain rises at night, 7½; Matinees at 1 P. M.

WINTER GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager..........W. STUART
Stage Manager..........J. S. HANLEY

MONDAY, AND EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
MR. EDWIN BOOTH
Will appear as
SHYLOCK,
In Shakespeare's Play of
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,
Being the third of
BOOTH GRAND REVIVALS,
which is represented with
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,
COSTUMES, AND APPOINTMENTS,
and the combination of splendor of production with historical accuracy that marked the Booth revivals of
HAMLET AND RICHELIEU.
Box office open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., when seats may be secured six days in advance.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT..........Director
MATINEES AT 2½,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
CHANGE! CHANGE!
A FRESH PROGRAMME
OF NEW AND BRILLIANT ACTS.
Second week of the spirited Equestrian diversion,
BLIND MAN'S BUFF!
ACROBATIC FEATS AND GROUPINGS,
By W. CONRAD and the LEVANTINE BROTHERS.
DASHING HORSEMANSHIP
in infinite variety, introducing the peerless Equestrienne,
M'LLE CARLOTTE DE BERG,
AND ALL THE GREAT RIDERS
Attached to the
INCOMPARABLE CIRCUS TROUPE.
TRAINED PONIES! LEARNED DOGS!
AND EDUCATED MULES! 45-1t*

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 585 Broadway,

THE TROUBLE COMMENCES AT 8.
THE CREME DE LA CREME OF MINSTRELSY,
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
Whose success has never been equalled by any similar organization in the world.
NEW AND CHEERFUL BURLESQUES EVERY WEEK.
Hilton Head Institute; Happiest Couple Out; Children of Cypress; Impeachment Committee; Shouts of Laughter at the Shadow Pantomime, and the Screaming Black Cook and African Ballet Troupe. 45-1t*

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

LLOYD & BIDEAUX'S
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND!
All pretended "first classers" and "during the warites" must give way before this, the
MONSTER ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD!
The only complete and perfected combination of Ethiopian Delineators in Existence!
Proclaimed everywhere by the Press, Profession and Public,
THE NE PLUS ULTRA
OF GENUINE MINSTRELSY!
Now on one of the most successful trips ever known in the history of the Profession.
OVERWHELMING AUDIENCES!
ALL RIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT!
THE PEOPLE CROWD EN MASSE
TO HEAR AND SEE THEM.
THE HALLS NOT LARGE ENOUGH TO CONTAIN ALL WHO DESIRE TO ATTEND THEIR ENTERTAINMENTS.
A New Era of Refinement and Originality in Minstrelsy,
Inaugurated by
LLOYD & BIDAUX'S
STUPENDOUS COMPANY.
They will certainly appear at the time and places announced.
Read their advertisements, and the notices given by the Press of the character and style of their performances.
45-tf W. ALVIN LLOYD, Director.

RETURNING EAST,

AFTER THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TOUR ON RECORD IN LOUISVILLE, CINCINNATI, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, AND THE PRINCIPAL CITIES WEST AND SOUTH.
LA RUE'S CARNIVAL MINSTRELS,
The Largest and Most Perfect Minstrel Company ever Organized. Universally admitted and undeniably the CHAMPION TROUPE OF AMERICA, and the acknowledged Autocrats of Minstrelsy. Twenty-four Distinguished Ethiopian Artists, including the Celebrated Metropolitan Favorite, and Eminent Burlesque Actor and Comedian, S. S. PURDY; and the most Original and Witty End Man ever in the Profession, BILLY MANNING.
FOUR CLOG DANCERS,
The Champions of the World, MIKE KANANE, NED WEST AND THE WONDROUS UTICA BOYS.
MARVELOUS VOCAL QUINTET,
SWEET, CHURCH, BRANDISI, WHEATON & CARTER.
FRANK BOWLES' Great Brass Band.
NED KNEELAND'S Magnificent Orchestra.
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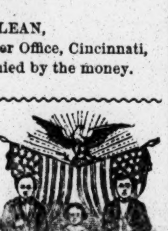
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Can be engaged by responsible managers. For further particulars address LON CHAPIN,
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